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CITY OF WASHINGTON
WARNING!

Every purchaser of the **POLICE GAZETTE** No. 534 should see that he gets with it, without extra charge, one of the Superb Colored Pictures representing Jake Kilrain and Jem Smith as they will appear in the ring, presented by **RICHARD K. FOX.**

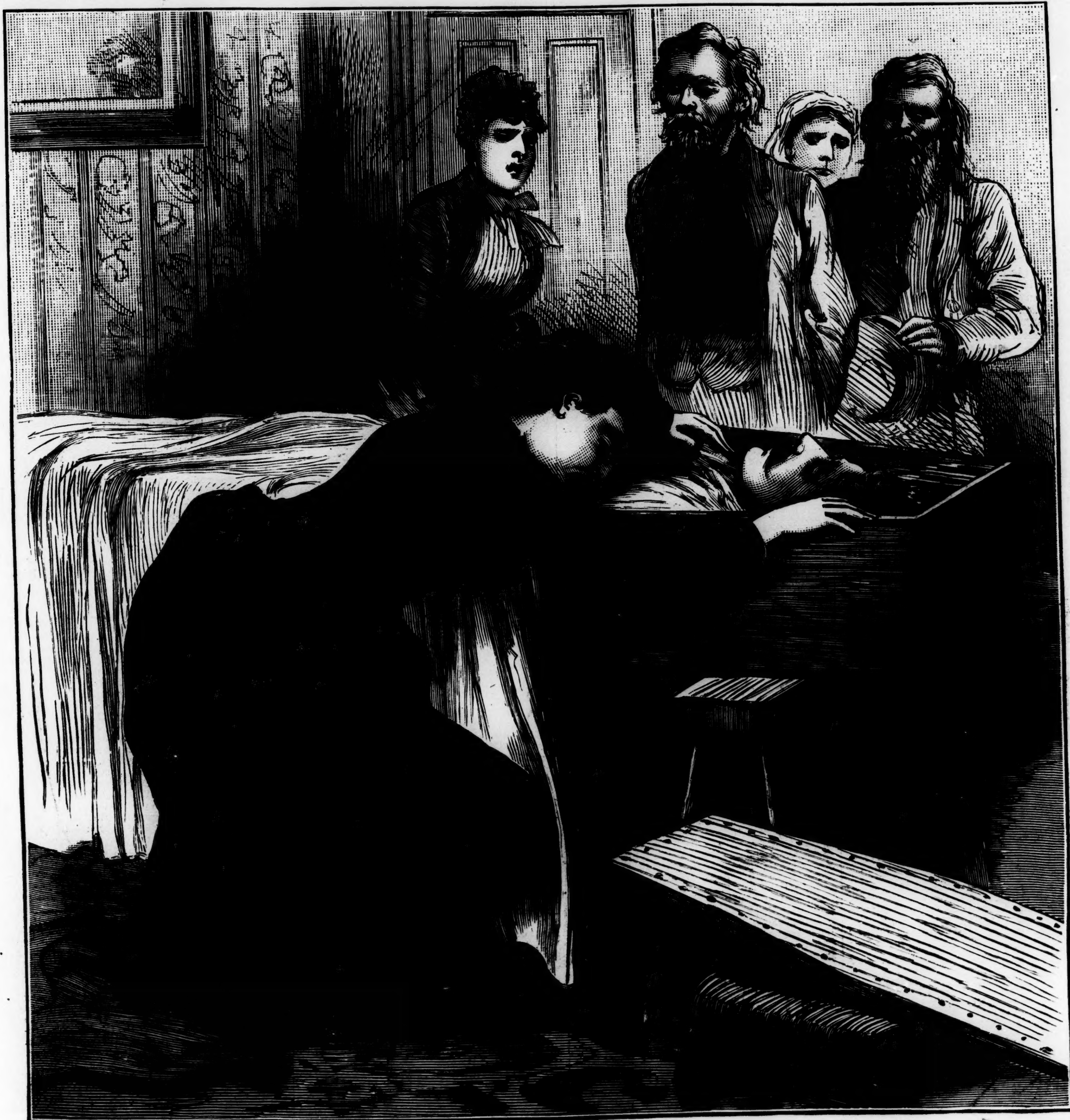
THE NATIONAL **POLICE GAZETTE** THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1887.

VOLUME LI.—No. 533.
Price Ten Cents.



MRS. LUCY E. PARSONS AND HER DEAD.

THE LUSTROUS-EYED WIDOW OF THE AMERICAN ANARCH BREAKS DOWN AT THE SIGHT OF HER HUSBAND'S REMAINS.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1887.

KILRAIN'S COLORS.

The fighting colors of Jake Kilrain, matched to fight Jem Smith, of England, for the International championship, the "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt and \$10,000, will shortly be ready. Sporting men, saloon-keepers and others, who desire to purchase the champion's colors, can obtain them by forwarding \$5.00 to the "Police Gazette" office. On account of their great artistic value only a limited number have been prepared. Orders should be sent in immediately.

A WONDERFUL NEWSPAPER.

The POLICE GAZETTE has, in its time, been able to accomplish some of the most wonderful feats in modern journalism. It has, on the spur of a moment and with a suddenness that might best be compared to a flash of lightning, come out with such a blaze of illustration and description as simply astounded all beholders.

The murder of President Garfield, the execution of Guiteau, the death and funeral of Gen. Grant, and other great pictorial emergencies have, one after the other, served to prove that this is the people's illustrated newspaper, and that Richard K. Fox is never slow to show his appreciation of the fact by the most lavish expenditure and the most generous enterprise.

We have had just such a chance in the hanging of the anarchists at Chicago to give further evidence of the zeal and judgment which influence the POLICE GAZETTE, as well as to find out for ourselves once more the hearty confidence and regard with which this paper is regarded all over the United States of America.

Never in the history of illustrated journalism in this country has been accomplished such a feat as our anarchist extra, and never has such a feat been so tremendously rewarded by the public, in whose behalf it was performed.

Photographs and sketches taken on the spot were reproduced in these pages with marvelous rapidity, so that fifty-eight hours before any other pictorial representative of the tragic scene was spread before the people of this country, the POLICE GAZETTE was in the hands of over a quarter of a million of readers.

What was the natural result of our enterprise and our celebrity?

The greatest sale ever known in any weekly publication office in the world.

So long as such appreciation of our pluck and our business shrewdness is shown by our readers, they can rest content with the guarantee that they shall never find any newspaper living that will serve them so quickly and so accurately as the POLICE GAZETTE. It takes money to keep at the head of the great journalistic procession, and it takes energy and brains as well. None of these elements will ever be withdrawn from the great work of pushing the biggest and best illustrated paper of this or any other country.

A BIG BLUFF.

Because Charlie Mitchell, for reasons of his own, saw fit to have some trouble with the London correspondents of two American newspapers, each of them, confounding Richard K. Fox with Mitchell, has done his level best to boom John L. Sullivan at the expense of Jake Kilrain and make it appear that Sullivan is a much more important representative of American pugilism than the gallant lad from Boston who upholds the Stars and Stripes.

Let anybody not familiar with the facts should be misled by this rubbish let it be remembered

1st. That Sullivan is not going to fight anybody, and very likely will evade fighting anybody to the day of his death.

2nd. That Sullivan is no longer a pugilist and no longer champion of America, having for good and sufficient reason retired from the profession of the actual ring. His visit to England is made simply as a "freak" or "curiosity," who gets money for being exhibited and not for fighting.

3rd. That Sullivan, being afraid to meet Kilrain in the ring and surrendering to him without a blow, wants to let himself down easy by the process known as "blowing."

4th. That, although an American, and once champion of America, he publicly expressed his ardent hope that Smith will whip the man to whom he yielded the championship, because he was afraid to meet him in the ring.

5th. That, though Charlie Mitchell's forfeit awaited him as he well knew, at the office of the London *Sporting Life*, and *Bell's Life*, the greatest authority in London, he ignored that fact, and, going the office of its cheap and nasty imitation, the London *Sportsman*, bawled out a challenge, which was never made good by money up.

These solid facts show what a silly and contemptible "bluff" all this Sullivan business really is.

THESE POOR PLAYERS.

How the Mimes of the Metropolis
Strut Their Brief Hour Upon
the Stage.

There has been a good deal of novelty lately in the line of theatrical goods. The fall dramatic trade has opened busily, and large orders are currently reported, especially from the country deestricks.

Antique goods of the chestnut variety have moved briskly during the past two or three weeks, and quite a demand has prevailed for farce- and variety shows, all wool and a yard wide, such as are offered by the well-known establishment of Pastor, Sanderson & Co., in Fourteenth St.

At the Union Square a fine sample of good straight domestic manufacture can be seen, and has grown extremely popular. In fact no imported stock seems to have hit the public fancy quite so hard or so satisfactorily as "The Henrietta."

In other directions trade seems to be moving very briskly. On the east side, Messrs. J. Charles Davis and Chamberlain report a brisk demand and large sales for good materials at the People's and the Windsor, while at the Grand Opera House the renowned Mr. Matthews speaks in the highest terms of the local situation, and is willing to bet a handful of blue chips that the business this season is going to wax the life out of last winter's.

In my weekly rounds I dropped, to-day, into the Star theatre, and was politely treated by a round man with a red mustache and a face to match, who immediately offered me a ticket. He was evidently a man of great presence of mind, for immediately after handing me the bit of pasteboard he remembered to ask three dollars for it. I made a short calculation, after which I recalled the fact that this was only twice as much as the tickets were publicly advertised to cost. Upon which the man of general redness remarked that the advertisement as aforesaid was "all guff."

Paying, therefore, my three dollars—the dollar and a half extra being a contribution on my part, as I am told, to the painful necessities and sufferings of Mr. Henry Irving and his celebrated troop of performing Englishmen—I was swallowed by a pair of swing doors, and, in the course of the evening found myself sitting between a vanilla breath and a breath of the Old-Tom-gin-and-Lyonaise-potato variety, waiting for the curtain to go up on Mr. Irving's play of "Faust."

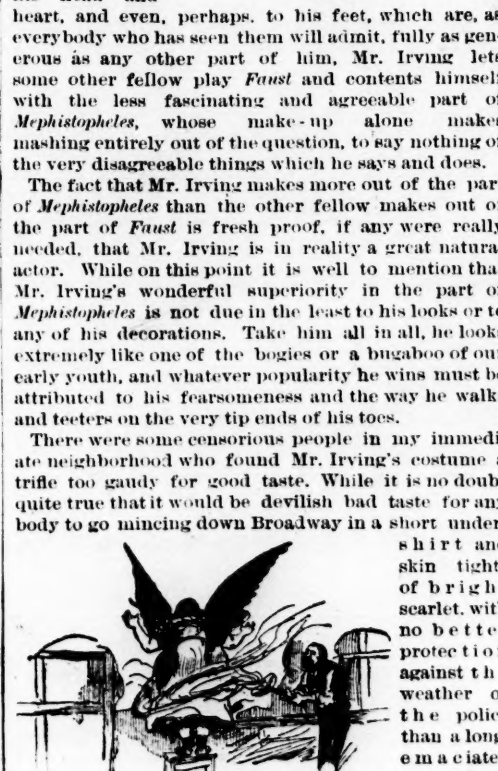
Perhaps I may just as well remark right here that, taking all things into consideration, it was a Faust-rate performance.

The first thing I noticed was that Mr. Irving, unlike our average American stars, doesn't play what is called the title role in his tragedy. With a generosity that does credit both to his head and heart, and even, perhaps, to his feet, which are, as everybody who has seen them will admit, fully as generous as any other part of him, Mr. Irving lets some other fellow play *Faust* and contents himself with the less fascinating and agreeable part of *Mephistopheles*, whose make-up alone makes mashing entirely out of the question, to say nothing of the very disagreeable things which he says and does.

The fact that Mr. Irving makes more out of the part of *Mephistopheles* than the other fellow makes out of the part of *Faust* is fresh proof, if any were really needed, that Mr. Irving is in reality a great natural actor. While on this point it is well to mention that Mr. Irving's wonderful superiority in the part of *Mephistopheles* is not due in the least to his looks or to any of his decorations. Take him all in all, he looks extremely like one of the bogies or a bugaboo of our early youth, and whatever popularity he wins must be attributed to his fearlessness and the way he walks and teeters on the very tip ends of his toes.

There were some censorious people in my immediate neighborhood who found Mr. Irving's costume a trifle too gaudy for good taste. While it is no doubt quite true that it would be devilish bad taste for any body to go minding down Broadway in a short undershirt and skin tights of bright scarlet, with no better protection against the weather or the police than a long, emaciated sword of the skewer brand, no evidence has so far been produced that Mr. Irving is really addicted to such an unhealthy practice.

We all know that some costumes can be worn with



MARGARET.

impunity in some places which it would be extremely bad form to wear elsewhere. For example, the small tight-kilt and knock-kneed pantalettes which fashionable ladies have to wear on the beach at Narragansett pier when the bathing season is drawing to a close, would be regarded as a trifle too décolleté at both ends for morning dress on Fifth Avenue. On these grounds, and others like them, I have no hesitation in saying that so long as Mr. Irving doesn't saunter through Central Park in his scarlet underclothes, no reasonable man can abuse him for wearing them on the stage of the Star theatre.

But all this is irrelevant.

The play of "Faust" is admitted by connoisseurs to be one of the most interesting specimens of the Black Crook brand of drama ever faked up by modern stage carpenters and scene painters. I may, perhaps, be put down as being somewhat out of the ordinary run of connoisseurs when I say that the absence of a ballet from the show cannot but be regarded as a serious defect. What, I should like to know, would the Black Crook and the White Fawn amount to without the dancing girls, and the tights, and the bandy-legged barber, who occasionally twirls a pironette in the midst of the giddy throng of Crosby street hours?

Why there should be no ballet in a play so richly provided with opportunities to introduce one as Faust is, passes my comprehension. The music, the scenery, the costumes, the very plot of the play prepare you for one of the Kiraly spectacles and yet it never comes. Every time the curtain goes up you find yourself looking alive for the good old enchanted terrace or garden of palms, or coral grot of the Naiad queen with fifty or sixty young ladies in italic dress, trooping on the stage looking as if each one thought she was going to be instantaneously photographed on the spot.

I say, you look for all this every time the curtain goes up, and every time the curtain goes up you don't see it by a long shot.

Mr. Irving must therefore excuse me for remarking, as an honest and conscientious critic, that this won't do and he must make some such alteration in his show.

The plot of "Faust" is somewhat mixed—or, at least, it seemed so to me. *Faust* himself is an old quack doctor, who gets tired of perpetually manufacturing an infallible cure for malaria, spavins, fits and summer complaint. So he signs some sort of a compact

with Mephistopheles, who is a very devil of a fellow, by which he acquires youth again and starts out in life once more as a masher of the Faust period. While working on this lay he comes across Margaret, a Dutch maiden, with long yellow hair and, in due time, lays himself open to prosecution by the county for probably adding one more ward to the care of the Nuremberg Board of Supervisors. Instead of going to the county for a brief visit and coming back with a better figure and a tranquil mind, after the American plan, Margaret makes such a fuss over her condition that her entire family get "on to her," and the devil himself is to pay all round. The local Judge Duffy—being every bit as moral and particular a man as our own little justice—gives her a long term on the island, and she dies in her cell, apparently of sewer gas, and straightway goes to heaven with such a caravan of angels as one usually associates with the decease of little Eva in a well-equipped Uncle Tom show.

So realistic was the performance at the Star theatre that I distinctly smelt the sewer gas which laid Margaret out, and saw with my own eyes the kind of low cut corsets worn this fall by the entire heavenly host.

Margaret was played by Miss Terry. It was, in consequence, a very mysterious performance. Having already seen several pictures of Margaret, I knew her at once, the moment I looked at her, by her long ropes of hair. Otherwise the disguise was so complete that it baffled detection. Miss Terry is pronounced by the highest medical authorities about as interesting and improving an actress as goes. She shows more bones and sinews for the gate money than any other actress in the business, and is said to be the only living rival of Gray's anatomy. In other actresses the attention of the critic is attracted by their looks, their voices, their gestures, or their dramatic power. With Miss Terry it is quite different. Contemplating her, the intellect learns more about the joints and the projections and the muscles and tendons of the human frame than it could ever hope to pick up outside a dissecting room.

I got a good big peep into heaven at the end of the performance. A young man who had a small bill against one of the archangels for cigars or something, invited me to step around to the stage door with him and help him collect it. We got there just as Margaret was doing her climb-into-paradise act, and I had probably as fine a view of the rear elevation of a she cherubim as ever swung on a wire in an atmosphere of lycopodium and red fire.

My next view was of hell. The stage manager caught it, just as I was leaving, from the gentleman who played Valentine.

WOODEN SPOON.

OWENSBORO SOCIETY SHOCKED.

A special from Owensboro, Ky., November 15, says: A year ago Elisha Adams, sen., one of the wealthiest citizens of this place and formerly a prominent county official, was united in marriage to a Mrs. Martha Morden, a wealthy widow, who lived at Millersburg, Ind. The match was looked upon by all as an extremely suitable one, and there was no reason to doubt but that it would prove to be an exceedingly happy one.

Mr. Adams has grown children, who move at the top in local society, while the widow, whose first husband was a minister, was of the most eminent respectability. An explosion was created here this afternoon by the filing of a petition for divorce by Mr. Adams, charging his wife with repeated acts of adultery with various men, and such lewd and lascivious conduct as was proof that she was unchaste.

Mrs. Adams is in Evansville at this time, and it is not known what her defense will be, though a rattling battle is predicted when the matter comes into the courts. Mrs. Adams' friends allege that her husband's tyranny is at the bottom of the proceedings.

CLAY DAVIDSON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Clay Davidson has just been convicted of the rape of Annie Flanagan, and sentenced to twenty-one years, at Cannelton, Ind., to the Jeffersonville State Prison. The case is one of the most sensational which has occurred for some time before the Indiana courts.

Mrs. J. H. Webb, nee Miss Edith Green, practical dress and costume maker, has removed to 11 and 13 University Place, corner Eighth street, where she will be pleased to see her old and new patrons.

HEAVEN.

DEATH IN PORT.

Our Medical Men Warn Us Against the Possible Coming of Cholera.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Some of the most expert medical authorities in this country warn the seaport cities to look out next spring for a scourge of cholera. They tell us to make haste and improve our quarantine systems. There is a strong feeling against the present preventives under the control of the State. The College of Physicians, of Philadelphia, has made the committee which examined into the quarantine systems of Baltimore, Philadelphia and this city a permanent one, and has given it the task of calling a conference of physicians and health authorities of the United States to adopt some plan to be submitted to Congress by which the general Government can have full and absolute control of the quarantine regulations in all of the ports of the country. It is urged in favor of this new movement that this is the only country in the world in which the general Government does not have some department whose special business is to look after the general health of the country. It is urged that the commercial relations of all of the seaport towns with the interior are now so intimate that if a contagious disease breaks out in any one of them it is only a question of a little time before the scourge will sweep over a large area.

"The cholera has been rampant in Southern Europe for some time," said Dr. Shakespeare to a reporter, "and as our commercial relations with that continent have been very close, it is more a matter of good luck than anything else that we have not had a visitation before now. We cannot expect to have always such good luck, and as long as we leave the quarantine of the most important port in the country in its present state, in which the most essential precautions are slighted and the best known means for suppressing the scourge left unemployed, we expose the general health of the entire country. If those in authority would only stop for a moment and consider what it means to have a visitation of cholera here, they would appreciate the necessity of prompt measures being taken to improve the inefficient quarantine as it now exists, and give the people the best possible guarantee that they are safe from Asiatic cholera or any of the other infectious diseases which come to this country in ships."

That the present system of disinfection is nothing but a farce is evidenced by a statement made by Dr. Sternberg in his rep. t recently published in the Philadelphia Medical Review. He said that the Health Officer boards steamers and lowers a bucket by means of a rope between decks. This bucket contains powder which has been moistened with an acid solution, and it gives out an odor of chlorine. This is the entire work of disinfection. It cannot accomplish its purpose, and it is only by the closest examination that it can be learned what disinfectant has been used. The steamers so disinfected are not detained more than an hour, and it is only an attempt at disinfection, for a proper one could not be done in that time. Each steamship company pays a fee for disinfection. The actions of the sanitary authorities abroad cannot be controlled, but it is urged that these abuses here, which are so glaring, should be at once rectified.

It does not take one very long to find out what the Board of Health of this city thinks of the possibility of a visitation. "While none of the members of the Board will allow himself to be quoted about the subject, it is evident each feels that during the coming summer it is probable that all our resources may be taxed to their utmost. It is well known that the cholera germs may be hidden in clothing, and that warm weather will work an awful change. It is also known that the germs of cholera can be, and often are, carried on the wind to places where they may seize upon a victim. Although Hoffman Island is a long way from the mainland, it is not impossible that the germs of cholera, becoming dry on the infected island, may be communicated to this city or the vicinity. All of these facts are known to the medical men, and they fully appreciate the situation. If some prompt action is taken there is little doubt that, even were some cases to appear, the plague could be promptly stamped out, but unless some such action is taken, if once a foothold is gained it will mean a loss of many lives.

The action of the Board of Health in this city has been of a precautionary nature ever since the cholera first landed at Quarantine. Of late there have been several cases of suspected cholera reported to the department. As soon as these reports are made, if the patient is able to be moved, he is put in an ambulance, made especially for that purpose, with a perfectly tight bottom to prevent any infectious material from falling on the street. He is then driven to the Reception Hospital in East Sixteenth street. Here the work of disinfection is begun under the supervision of Dr. Edson. If the patient is dead the body is put in a metallic coffin and is taken to the hospital, where an autopsy is made. During the past fortnight there have been numerous cases of suspected cholera. In some of these some of the most noted physicians declared that they believed it to be the disease. Where death resulted an autopsy was held and an effort made to propagate the germs of the cholera from some of the contents of the bowels, but in no instance has a genuine case been found. As the work of making the autopsy and the attempt to propagate the germs takes some time, in each of these instances a most thorough disinfection of the premises has been made. This promptness of action on the part of the Board of Health shows that it is fully alive to the danger there is of cholera getting a foothold in the city through the laxity of the quarantine officials in allowing vessels from Italy with large numbers of immigrants to land without proper disinfection or quarantine.

Boxes, bales and trunks packed in Italy and having among them some pieces of soiled clothing, are passed and unpacked here in the city and elsewhere in the country. If in the washing or the wearing, these articles are placed so that the germs they may carry can infect some individual the result is a case of cholera, and as these cases may be looked for from the poorer districts of the city where medical aid is not as quickly summoned as is often necessary, it is more than probable that much harm may be done before the cases are discovered.

A great many physicians of note are of the opinion that if the General Government would assume control of quarantine matters it would not only tend to improve the sanitary condition of the country but, if efficiently carried out, would reduce the possibility of a plague to a minimum, and give the public some guarantee that all that can be done is being done to insure the public health.

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THIS WICKED WORLD.

Samples of Man's Duplicity
and Woman's Worse
Than Weakness.



Hattie Woolsteen.

One of the most extraordinary crimes has recently excited Los Angeles, Cal. It occurred in a small village eleven miles east of South Los Angeles. "Doc" Harlan, a well known sporting dentist, was the victim. His body was found in the ruins of an out-house, where he lived with two sisters, Hattie and Minnie Woolsteen, for some time past. The former has been arrested and accused of the mysterious murder. She seems to have been the favorite of Harlan and everything points to her as the principal in the cold-blooded and cruel crime.

THE GIRLS WERE GOOD FENCE-CLIMBERS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Louisa Sullivan, seventeen years of age, and Agnes Watson, eighteen, escaped from the House of the Good Shepherd, N. Y., by climbing over the fences. When they reached the last fence they saw a policeman and fell backward. Louisa sprained her arm. When the policeman had gone they scaled the fence and escaped.

BURIAL OF A NOTED HORSE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Out in St. Joseph, Mo., the trotting stallion Consul was carried on a catafalque, behind which were thirty craped horses led by grooms in black. Behind the horses solemnly walked the officers of the Driving Association. At the grave the horses were formed in circle, and the bouquet that every one of them carried was thrown upon the coffin. The grave was filled, and then the horses silently withdrew, not a dry eye among them.

LAST SCENES IN CHICAGO.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A full page of illustrations gives the last scenes after the execution of the four anarchists in Chicago. The wild speeches over the dead men at the graveyard. The residences of the widowed are also correctly given. The two lower scenes are those of Fielden and Schwab as at Joliet Prison. One peeling the potatoes in the kitchen, while the other breaks stones within the high stone walls of the terrible place where they are to remain for life. On our first page will be found the affecting farewell of Mrs. Lucy Parsons with her dead husband on the day of the very sensational funeral.

A ROMANCE IN A LOUISVILLE JAIL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Louisville, Ky., Nov. 15, says: Dick Robertson, a stalwart young moonshiner serving a 60-day term in jail here, has for some time shown unusual interest in Sarah Marcelli, a comely Italian girl who is permitted to sell fruit in the jail. He has frequently gone the rounds, carrying her basket for her, and he always bought something. She received his attentions kindly, and gradually came to return his evident affection. This morning as she was about to leave he proposed marriage to her and was accepted. Robertson owns a little farm in Harlan county. His term will expire Dec. 23. They will be married the same day and leave at once for Harlan county, where they will unite their marriage festivities with the usual Christmas revels of the mountain country.

HIS LEG TALENT SERVED HIM WELL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from New Haven, Conn., Nov. 16, says: Harmer, of the class of '90, Yale's famous runner, who holds the collegiate world championship in mile runs, made another record for himself yesterday. For some time past the students who are in practice for the football and other sports have been having articles stolen from them. Yesterday, while the football team was practising, a new field ball was missed, and at about the same time a lady who was watching the game from a carriage discovered that she had lost a bag containing \$10 and other articles. At this moment a boy was seen making his way out of the field. Harmer chased him half a mile down hill and through a long stretch of swamp, capturing him on the bank of West River. He had all the articles in his possession and Harmer turned him over to the authorities. His name is John Hugo.

ATTEMPTED TO HANG HERSELF BY HER HAIR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Franklin, Pa., November 16, says: Elizabeth Rosemore, aged 18, whose parents reside at the once famous village of Pit Hole, attempted suicide yesterday in a model manner. The girl is the possessor of a head of glorious jet black hair, which is nearly five feet in length, and for some weeks she has been desirous to have it cut off, a proposition her parents would not consent to. On Sunday evening she

again asked permission to have her hair cut, and, it being withheld, she went to bed, remarking that "she knew what she would do with her hair." Nothing more was thought of the matter until about 4 o'clock Monday morning, when screams were heard issuing from the girl's room. Her father responded quickly and discovered his daughter hanging from a clothes hook on the wall. She had braided her hair in two plaits, taken a "half-hitch" around her neck, threw the ends over the hook, and then swung off the foot of the bed on which she had stood. The terrible pain she experienced was more than she could endure, and in her agony she screamed for help, which reached her in time to save her life. Her neck was terribly cut by the hair and her night dress was soaked with blood, but she will recover.

MURDERED IN A THEATRE BOX.

A Married Variety Actress Killed Because She Deceived a Lover.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Denver, Col., Nov. 15, says: At 11 o'clock last night Effie Moore, a song and dance actress, who married Will Carroll, a variety actor, in Kansas City, about sixteen months ago, was murdered in the Palace theatre, in this city, by Charles E. Henry, a rash and infatuated young blood from Hamilton, Ont. He was madly in love with the young woman, and in a fit of desperate jealousy murdered her in one of the boxes, where they had been drinking wine together. He fired four shots, two being fatal, one entering near the heart.

Young Henry has had his head turned by winning \$4,000 or \$5,000 in a lottery and has been trying to be a blooded fellow among the gamblers since his arrival here, about two weeks ago. He was deeply smitten with the handsome young variety actress who had promised to marry him, and had been lavish in the expenditure of money upon her. Sunday night he learned that she was married to Carroll. He told her what he had heard, but she denied it and again promised she would marry him. Last night he heard the story of her marriage again and was compelled to believe it. As soon as she had finished on the stage, he met her and they went into the box. He asked her again about the marriage. What her reply was will never be known, but within twenty minutes afterward she had received her death wound.

When asked why he shot her Henry said, as he leaned his head on his hand, while the tears trickled between his fingers: "I loved her, but she was false to me. Oh! I wish I had never seen her." He said he had lost \$400 at a gambling saloon last night in playing at roulette. When searched he had a bank book on the Canadian Savings and Loan Company of London, Ont. in which was deposited to his credit \$307.78; a certificate of deposit on the Bank of Montreal for \$1,215, a certificate of deposit on the Bank of British North America for \$1,100, and a book on the Post Office Savings Bank of London, Ont., calling for \$450, and \$38 in money. Letters and documents showed his address to be 73 Carling street, London, Ont. His mother is living with his step-father, whose name is McKenzie. An older brother lives in Los Angeles, Cal., and another is an engineer at London, Ont.

Effie Moore was from Kansas City, and was about nineteen years of age. Her mother, Marcia E. Thomas, resides there. She was wearing her gaudy stage dress when murdered, and there was a slight wound on her right little finger, showing that she had thrown up her hand to shield herself from the first bullet. The body will be kept at the coroner's to await the inquest, which will probably be held to-morrow. Thousands of people have visited the coroner's office to-day. The body lies in the centre of the reception room and presents a sad sight. A young man stands at the head of the corpse, and as visitors approach raises the cloth which covers the body, showing the face and breast where the bullets entered. The face looked very pretty still; the eyebrows are pencilled and the lips painted just as she was when brought from the theatre.

REILLY AND MINER.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

John Reilly, alias George Carson, and R. A. Stewart, alias Rufus Miner, the fashionably-dressed men who were released on a habeas corpus in Chicago, were charged with being fugitives from justice. Detectives Elliott and Wiley produced a dispatch saying that the men were wanted in Roxbury, Mass., for larceny.

Allen A. Pinkerton says: "I know them well. They are known to us as bank sneaks. Carson's alias is 'Little George' and Miner's is 'Little Rufe.' Both have participated in most of the prominent bank robberies. Perhaps their most notable job took place in New York about eight years ago. James H. Young, whose office was on Nassau street, was a wealthy real estate dealer. About Jan. 1, 1879, Mr. Young took from a depository a large quantity of bonds to his office for the purpose of cutting off coupons. The bonds were left in charge of a clerk, who, while engaged in cutting off the coupons, was told that a lame man seated in a carriage outside wanted to inquire about some property. The clerk put the bonds on the table and left the room, closing the door, which was fastened by a spring lock. As soon as he had gone two men, who had been concealed on the floor above, but who could see all the movements below, descended, and with a chisel opened the door, grabbed the bonds and escaped by a rear door. They got about \$470,000 in railroad, city and Government bonds.

"From the descriptions we were confident that Miner, Carson and Frank Hoven were the thieves, and set a man to watch Hoven's woman. After a vigil of six weeks Hoven's woman left for Petersburg, Va. One of our men followed and arrested the trio just as Miner was to leave for the North to negotiate the sale of the bonds, all of which we found in his trunk. We also found a package of \$40,000 which had been stolen from a Cortland, N. Y., bank some time before, and which had been buried in Florida. Carson and Hoven were not identified as participants in the Young robbery, nor was any proof brought against the three for the Cortland robbery. Miner, however, was recognized as the lame man, and was held over. The day before his trial was to have come off he eluded his keeper and escaped. He was not caught, and now that he has been probably nothing will be done to him at this late day. They are a great pair, and it was a good capture."

BLACK AND WHITE.

A special from Jacksonville, Fla., Nov. 15, says: A most remarkable freak of nature at Chattahoochee is attracting great attention, and hundreds of people are coming miles to see it. At Barney Hill, a small colored settlement ten miles from here, a colored woman some weeks ago gave birth to a boy child that nearly scared them all to death. The infant was healthy and well developed when born, and has continued in good condition since, but the strangest part is its color. It is

divided into two halves, as it were, each representing the Caucasian and African race. One side from the centre of its forehead down is as black as coal, while the other is equally white and fair.

Another monstrous freak of nature is shown by the fact that the Caucasian side has thick lips and flat nose, kinky hair and black eyes—in fact, all the African characteristics, while the dark side has fair and good features, blue eyes and soft, silky hair. It is in perfect health, and grows fast. Its arrival created terrible hubbub in the settlement, and the negroes were inclined to regard it as an omen of evil.

PANIC IN A HOTEL.

Scores of Scantly-Clad Guests Rush Into the Streets.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Chicago, Nov. 17, says: Over 100 guests occupying the six floors of the Saratoga Hotel, in Dearborn street, were aroused from their beds shortly before 2 o'clock this morning by the ringing of the electric fire alarm in their rooms. Smoke was pouring through the halls and transoms, cries of "Fire!" were heard on every landing, and an indescribable panic ensued. Few stopped to secure their clothing or valuables. Women and men fled through the halls, down the stairway, and out into the street in their night clothes. The clattering of the fire engines aroused the occupants of several hotels in the neighborhood, and the excitement became intense.

The fire started in the kitchen on the first floor and rapidly spread through the building, ascending to the top in the rear by means of the ventilator. The night clerk of the hotel, Thomas McFadden, ran into the hall and gave the alarm. He then rang the electric alarm bells. The clerk at the Windsor Hotel heard the cries of "Fire!" and sent in an alarm. Shortly after the arrival of the first fire company a second alarm was sent in. The flames were then high above the roof of the structure and threatening the Journal building to the south and the Windsor Hotel across the alley to the north. Half an hour's hard work subdued the fire sufficiently to allow two truck companies to hoist their ladders and make a search of the rooms. It was at first believed that some of the guests had been caught in the fire, but none were found. The hallways were badly damaged, but most of the rooms were not injured.

The Windsor Hotel, just across the alley, was crowded with men and women in all stages of undress. In their haste to get out of the burning Saratoga many of them had put on but one shoe, while others were barefooted. An overcoat or a cloak over the night clothes was the scanty costume that enveloped most of the guests. The lodgers in the Windsor were awakened by the noise of the engines, and at first there was quite a scare, but the excitement subsided when it was learned that there was no immediate danger, and the people set about assisting the scantily-clad lodgers of the burning hotel.

The Windsor was overcrowded last night, and there was, therefore, no room for the burned-out ones, but they were made as comfortable as circumstances would permit. Many of them left for other hotels with what effects they had saved.

Those of the guests who had not taken refuge in the Windsor Hotel sought hallways in the buildings surrounding in which to don clothing when garments were brought to them. In the entrance of the First National Bank building stood four women scantily apparelled and shivering with the cold.

Many told stories of their narrow escapes. John W. Benson, a traveling man from Philadelphia, who roomed on the third floor, said he awakened slowly, and when he realized the situation the smoke had nearly suffocated him. He crawled on his hands and knees to the stairway, and got to the bottom in a fainting condition. M. E. Anderson, of Philadelphia, had a narrow escape also when he attempted to return for his clothing. The loss is only \$16,000.

ROMEO IN A SCRAPE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Kutztown, Pa., Nov. 14, says: The campus of the Keystone State Normal School was the scene of considerable excitement last night. The night guard while making his rounds saw a dark figure stealthily moving through the shrubbery toward the iron ladders of the fire escape.

The person took hold of the fire escape and nimbly ascended. It was about eleven o'clock, and all was very quiet, as the school is a considerable distance in the suburbs. By the light of the moon the watchman saw at a third-story window near to the fire escape landing the white figure of one of the young lady students. The window was unlatched by the young lady, who leaned out to see the young man climbing up. It was her lover. The guard shouted at the top of his voice:

"Stay where you are, or I'll fire."

The young Romeo was about half way up. The young woman remained where she was, and shouted: "Get down quickly and run. He will not dare to fire at you."

The young man then quickly descended to follow his fair one's advice when the guard secured him. The Rev. Dr. Schaeffer, president of the school, and other officials were aroused, and the young man was closely questioned.

He admitted he had had a secret understanding to meet the girl in the upper corridor after all the lights were out, by way of the fire escape, and promised, if permitted to go, not to attempt to violate the rules again. He was accordingly released.

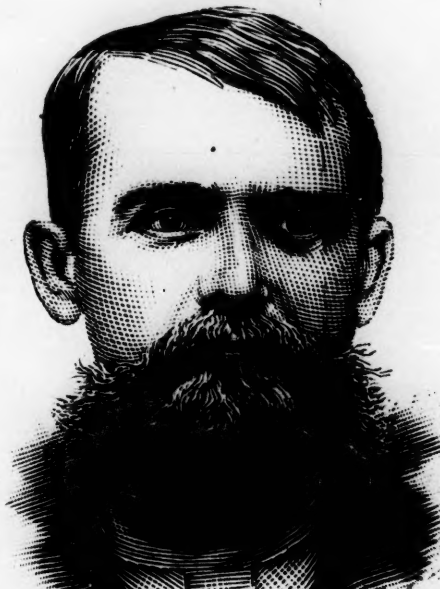
The young woman was severely reprimanded and sent to her home in New Jersey. She is a dashing, handsome young woman. The names of the couple are withheld.

HIS WIFE'S PARAMOUR.

A special from Union City, Tenn., Nov. 15, says: News was received here to-day of the killing of John Paine by Wm. Woody, at A. J. McCullum's mill, on Reelfoot lake, twenty miles from here. Woody had well-grounded suspicions that the feelings existing between Paine and his wife were entirely too cordial for purely platonic affection and warned Paine that he would kill him if he continued his attentions to her. Yesterday morning Paine threw a note in Woody's front yard addressed to Mrs. Woody and her husband found it. He got his pistol and went to the mill where his enemy worked. Paine had been out hunting and when he returned he went to the house, put away his gun and then went to the mill where Woody was still waiting for him. Woody drew his pistol and shot Paine three times, two of the shots taking effect in his abdomen and one in his face. Paine lived until this morning and died about 6 o'clock. Woody escaped. The people are very much excited over the affair.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who
Find Pictorial Fame in
These Columns.



Sheriff Gardner.

One of the most worthy officers of Southern Indiana is Casper Gardner, the daring sheriff of Perry county, who has made several hits by his clever captures and skillful detective work among the desperate crooks, who once in a while strike the country and get nipped.

Nina Van Zandt.

A new portrait of this heroine of the anarchist tragedy will be found on another page.

Oliver Danier.

Oliver Danier, alias Jasper Detrick, a half breed, has been for some time the terror of drummers who stop at Chicago. At least fifty commercial men have lost their valuable line of samples by the nimble and crooked ways of the fly Danier, who has been recently nabbed in Chicago by officers Hartman and McKeough of the Central Station.

Capt. Josiah L. Pearsall.

This well-known and justly popular county official, who is famous from one end of Long Island to the other, is an excellent judge of horseflesh and a lover of sport generally. Some of the best stock on the island, which is confessedly the nursery of trotters, have stood in his stables. Beyond all, the POLICE GAZETTE hasn't a better or sturdier friend anywhere than the genial "Drive."

Ebenezer Stanyard.

By the time this paper reaches the hands of the readers Ebenezer Stanyard will very likely be in the unknown world. The executioner at Youngstown, O., will give him his last send off. His crime is that of the murder of Alice Hancox, on March 24 last. The excellent portrait we publish elsewhere of the doomed man is taken by Mr. A. P. Webb, the well-known photographer of Youngstown.

Geo. Haywood Carpenter.

George Haywood Carpenter is the high sounding name of a young man over whom various creditors in this city have been gnashing their teeth for three weeks past. He was a fine looking fellow, standing 6 feet 2 inches in his stockings and tipping the scales at 208 pounds. From the time he came out of Princeton as a graduate of the class of '84 he impressed those with whom he came in contact as a young man who was bound to succeed. He possessed a very glib and persuasive tongue, which rarely failed him when he had an object to gain. He seems to have worked this small town for all it was worth.

USING DYNAMITE IN CANADA.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Orangeville, Ont., Nov. 15, says: Tonight the house of Police Inspector Anderson was blown up by dynamite. The charge was placed on the veranda at the front of the house, and two front rooms were badly shattered. The veranda is a complete wreck. Mrs. Anderson, who was alone in the house, was sitting beside the stove in the dining room, and was badly shocked. The Inspector had just left the house, and was only about ten yards away when the explosion occurred. He was stunned by the concussion. A note was found tacked to the fence warning him to desist from his efforts to enforce the Prohibition law now in operation here, and stating that he might congratulate himself that he had "not been blown to kingdom come."

Several Orangeville hotel keepers have been fined for violating the law during the past week, and it is a notable coincidence that dynamite explosions always occur here after liquor men have been fined for breaking the law. This is the sixth dynamite explosion that has occurred in Orangeville in two years. The perpetrators are unknown.

CRUSHED BY AN ELEVATOR.

A special from Chicago, Nov. 15, says: Miss Ella Bauer, assistant bookkeeper and cashier at the large grocery store of Jeune & Co., 110 Madison street, was caught in the elevator shaft this afternoon and instantly killed. She was all alone on the elevator, which was used to carry freight, and was going to the fourth floor on business. It is thought she made a mistake in the management of the elevator and attempted to step off too soon. She was caught between the floor of the car and the top of the door on the third floor, her neck being broken and her body crushed and almost severed at the waist. Miss Bauer was thirty-two years old and had been employed at Jeune & Co.'s for eight years. She lived with her father, Frank Bauer, and it is stated intended to go to California soon to be married.



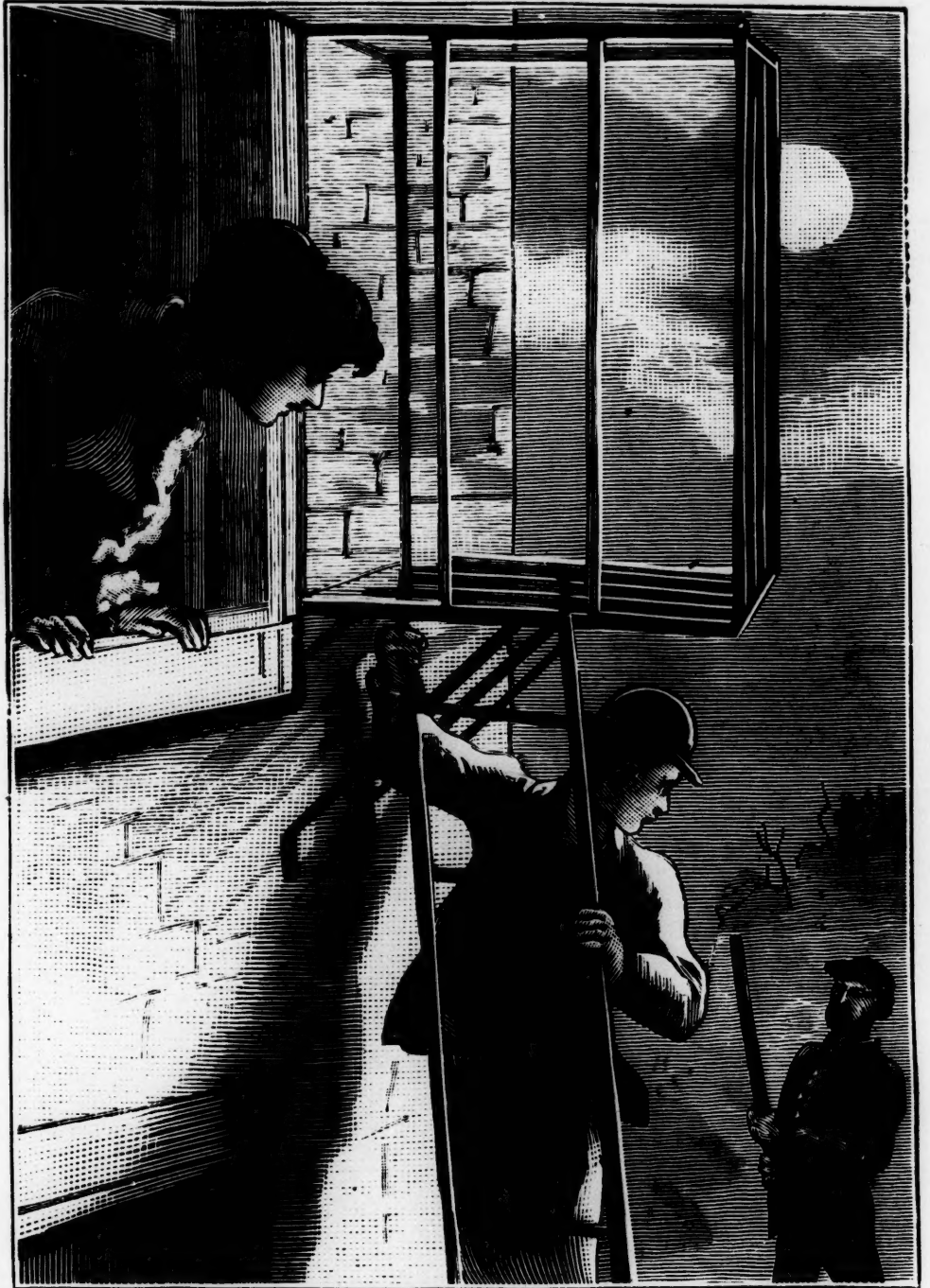
NINA VAN ZANDT,

THE ECCENTRIC CHICAGO GIRL WHO WAS AUGUST SPIES' PROXY BRIDE.



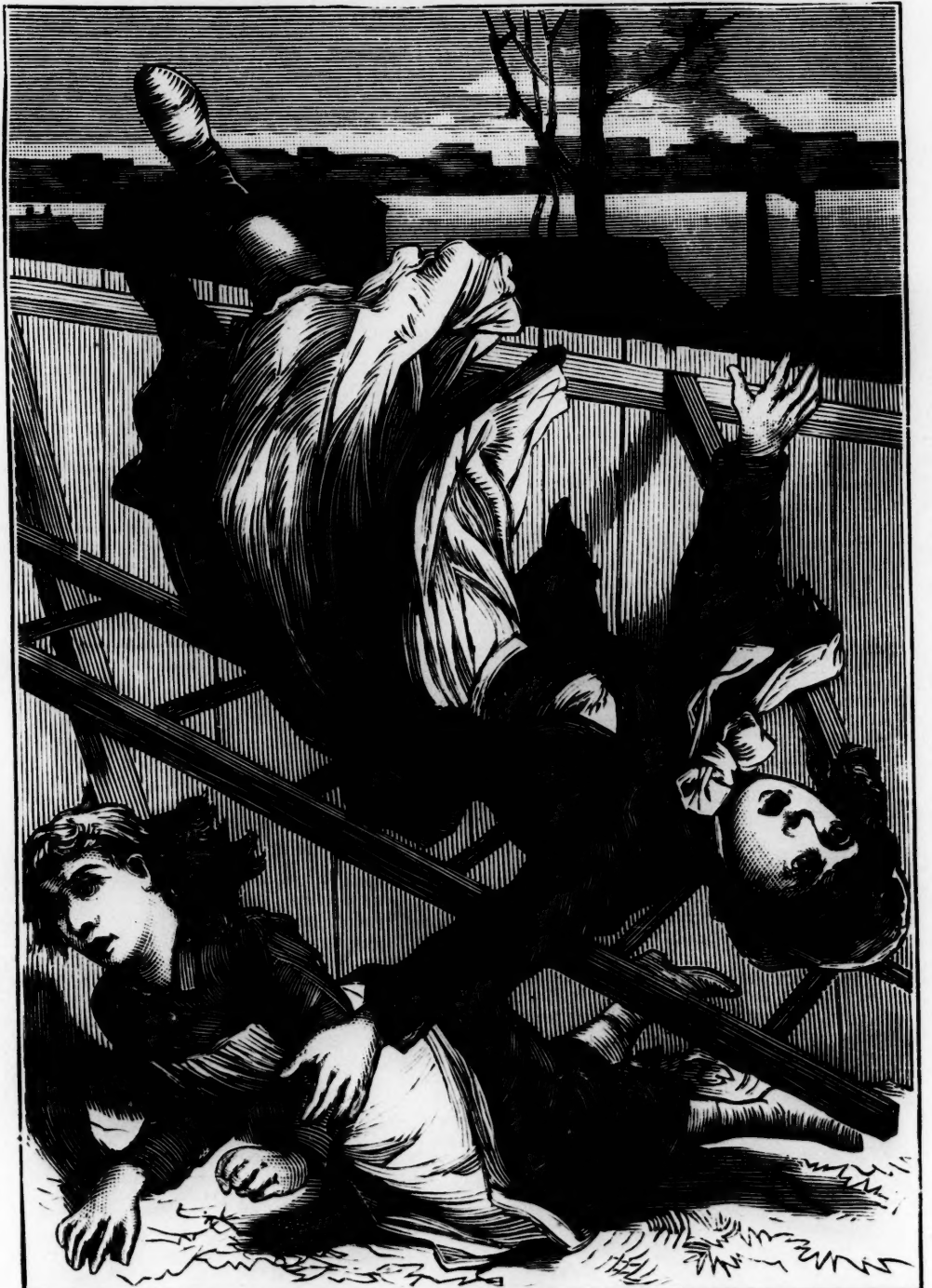
CAPT. JOSIAH L. PEARSALL,

A WELL-KNOWN LONG ISLAND SPORTING MAN AND COUNTY OFFICIAL.



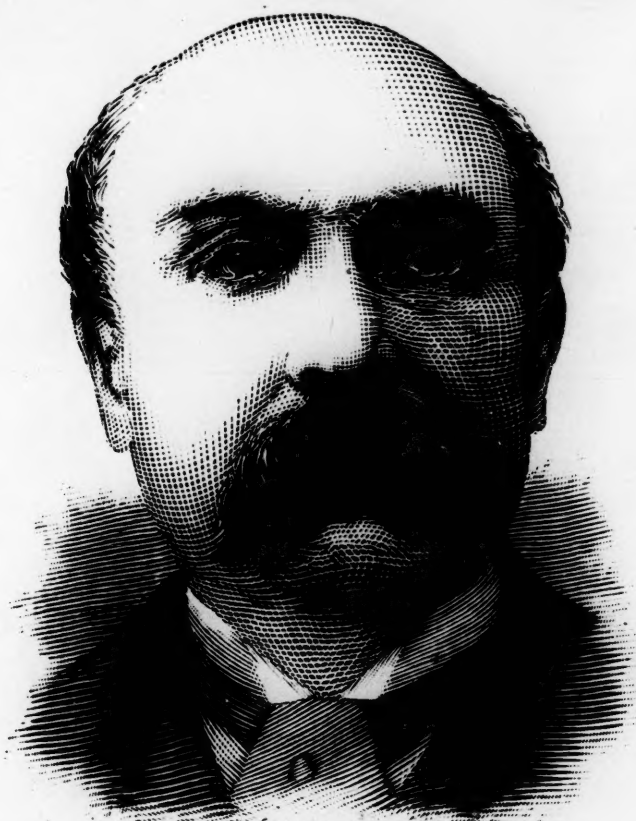
ROMEO IN A SCRAPE.

HE WAS STORMING THE KEYSTONE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL AT KUTZTOWN, PA., WHEN AN UNROMANTIC WATCHMAN CAUGHT HIM IN THE ACT.

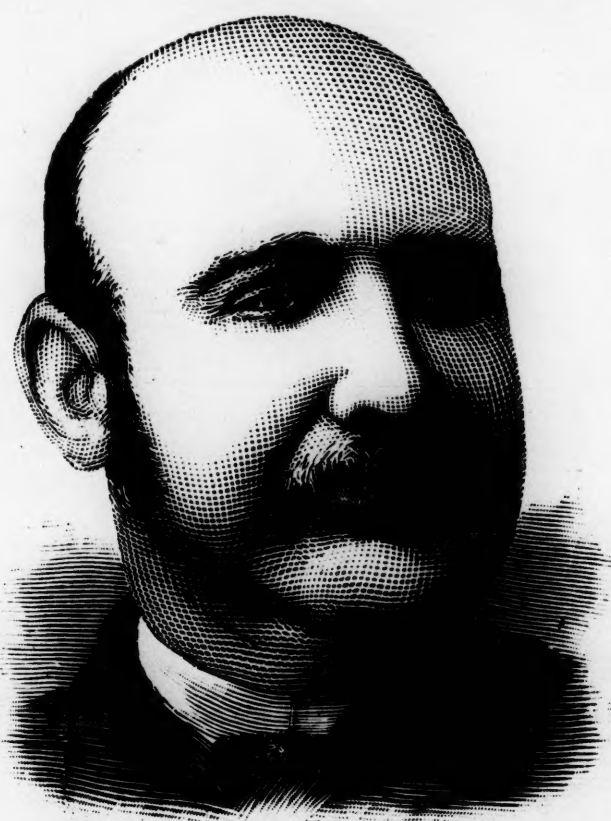


THEY CLIMBED THE FENCE.

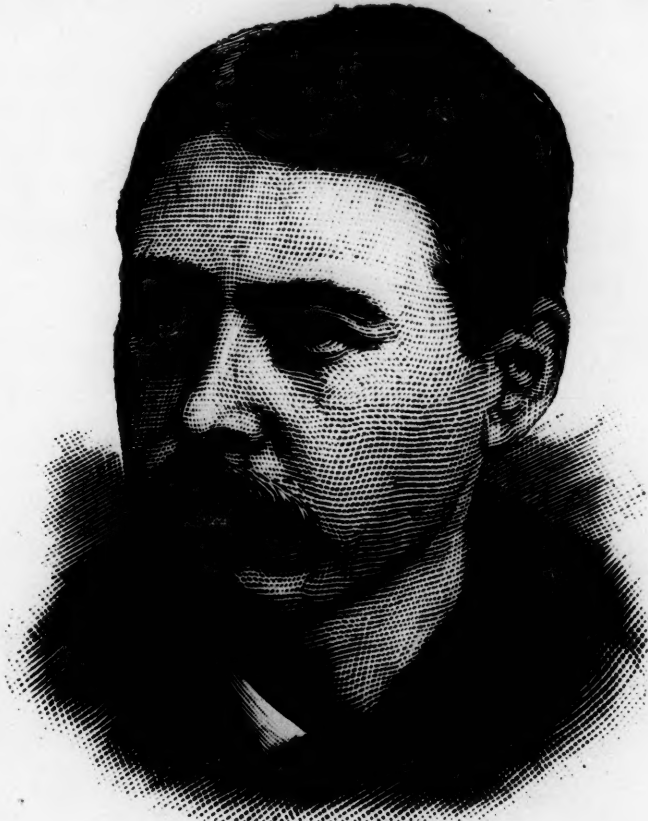
MISSES SULLIVAN AND WATSON ESCAPE FROM THE HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.



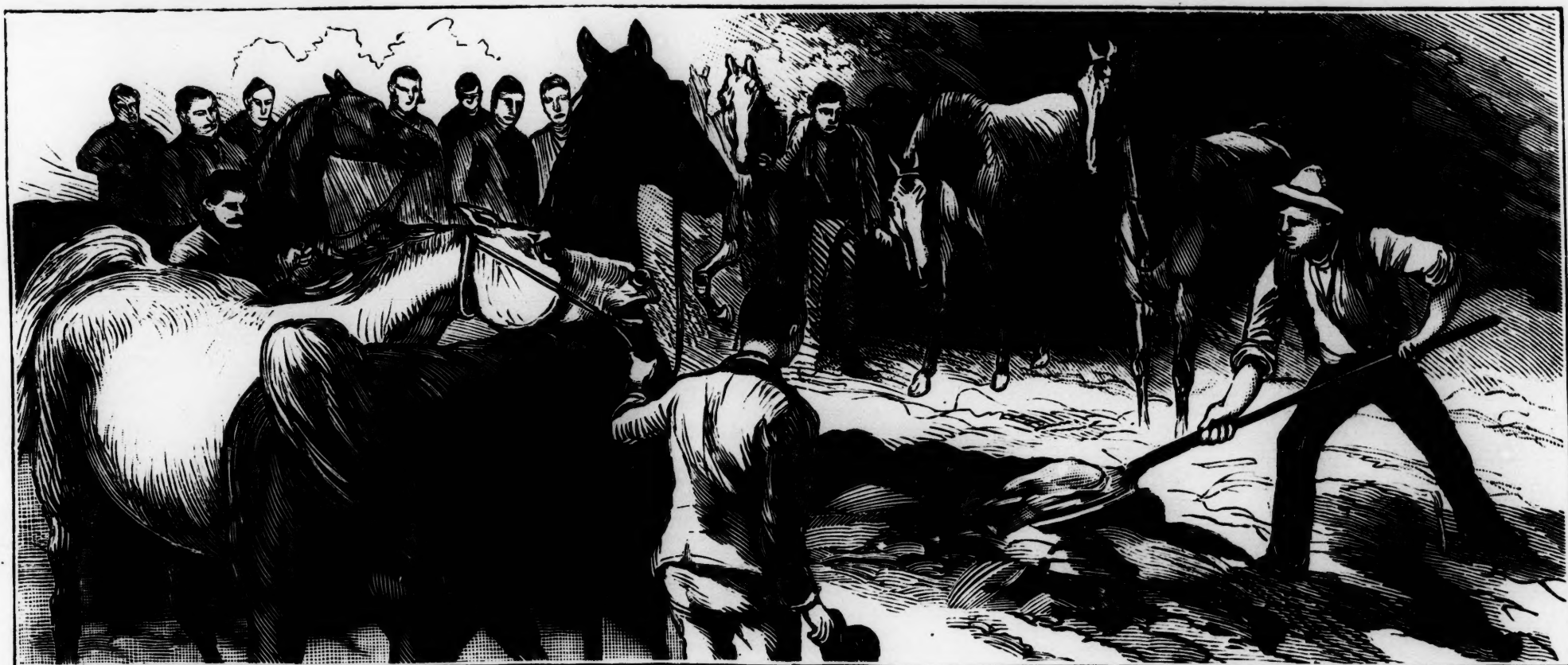
RUFUS MINER, ALIAS STEWART,
BANK SNATCHER, WHO PULLED A NEW YORK HOUSE FOR A BIG
BOODLE, CAPTURED IN CHICAGO.



GEO. CARSON, ALIAS JOHN REILLY,
BANK SNEAK WHO WITH HIS PAL MINER SWIPED FOUR HUNDRED
AND SEVENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS FROM A NEW YORK OFFICE.

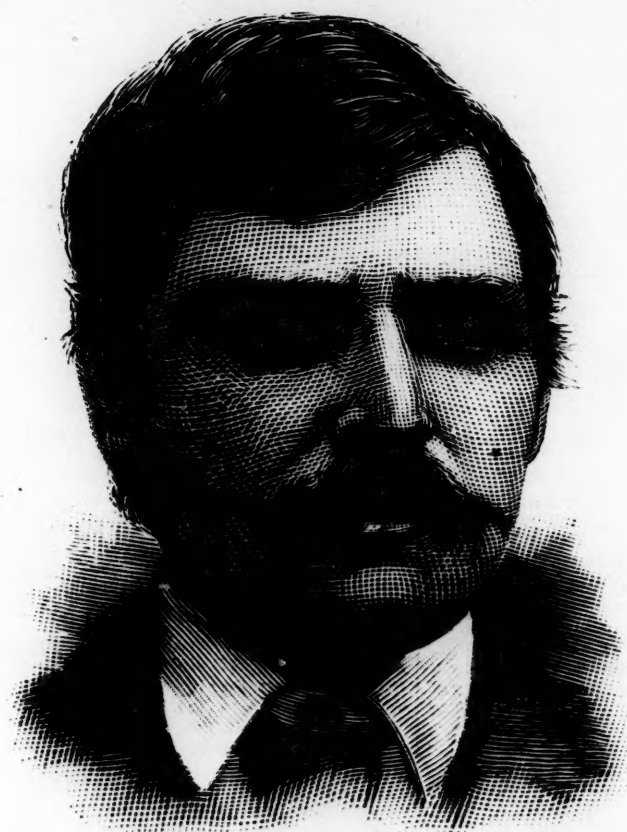


OLIVER DANIER,
THE NIMBLE HALF-BREED WHO HAS BEEN THE TERROR OF DRUM-
MERS STOPPING AT CHICAGO WITH VALUABLE SAMPLES.

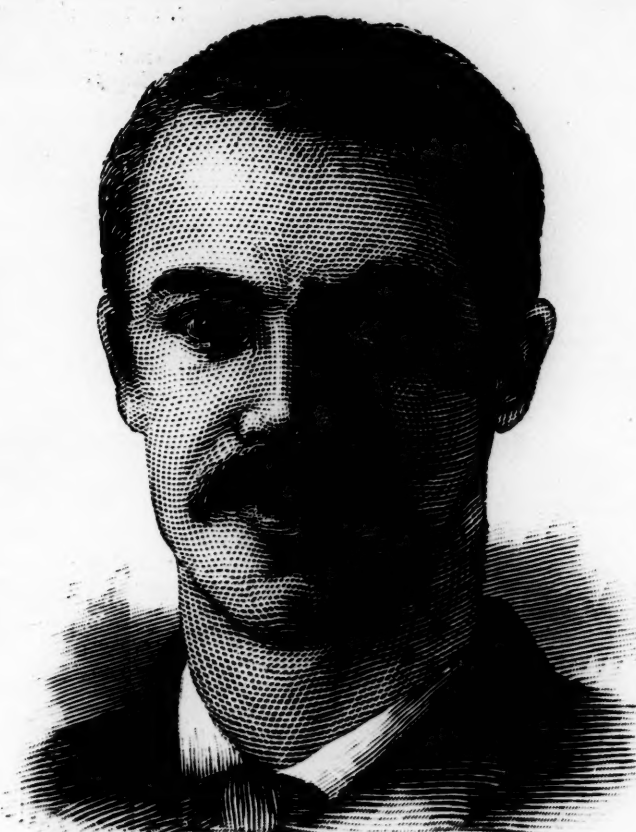


BURIED WITH TURF HONORS.

HOW THE DEAD STALLION, CONSUL, WAS CONDUCTED TO HIS LAST RESTING PLACE BY A TROOP OF HORSES AT ST. JOSEPH, MO.



CLAY DAVIDSON,
WHO HAS JUST BEEN SENTENCED TO TWENTY-ONE YEARS FOR THE
RAPE OF ANNIE FLANNAGAN AT CANNELTON, IND.



EBENEZER STANYARD,
THE SLAYER OF ALICE HANCOX WHO IS CONDEMNED TO DIE ON
THE GALLIES FOR THE CRIME, YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.



GEORGE HAYWOOD CARPENTER,
THE SWELL WHO IS SAID TO HAVE WORKED NEW YORK CITY AND
MANY OF HIS FRIENDS TO THE QUEEN'S TASTE.

"OUR JAKE."

Everybody Interviewed Will-
ing to Bet That He Will
Win the Fight.

POPULARITY AT HOME.

The Fistic Champion of America Still
Carries the Flag and the Hopes
of His Countrymen.

AN UNANIMOUS VERDICT.

America sends a hero forth,
Brave-hearted, bold and free,
That never yet his equal met
This side the Atlantic sea.
Good luck attend thee, bold Kilrain,
Thy courage earns my praise.
Go in and win—ten thousand throats
Their husky voices raise.
Famed Sullivan to thee did yield
All honors of the ring;
So, Jake, thou art with laurels deck'd;
Of pugilists the king.
We know that thou wilt do thy best,
The Stars and Stripes defend;
A good man he that conquers thee,
Kilrain, my noble friend.

—Miles Potter in Philadelphia Item.

Wm. E. Harding, the sporting editor of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, sailed for England Nov. 12, on the *Etruria*, of the Cunard line. He has gone abroad as the representative of Mr. Richard K. Fox, and carries that gentleman's check for \$1,000, which will be given Kilrain to bet on himself when he enters the ring. He will look after the American champion Kilrain's interest in the great international championship fight of Jan. 3 next, at Madrid, Spain, for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and \$10,000 in stakes.

John Wood, Police Captain Webb, Jere Dunn, John Charles of Baltimore, Richard K. Fox, Oakley Kerker, Frank Stevenson, Andy Kelly, Billy Dacey, Johnny Reagan, Mark Maguire of the *Sun*, Ned Plummer of the *Daily News*, were among the many friends who saw him off. Many handsome presents were sent him. The floral emblems were many and rich. A handsome horseshoe came from Richard K. Fox. Wm. Gammon, the Park Row jeweler, sent to the *POLICE GAZETTE* office in the morning a handsome solid silver, gold-lined, coffee set; each piece bears the inscription: "Wm. E. Harding, compliments Wm. Gammon."

The *Sporting Life*, of London, where the \$10,000 stakes are held, will be the headquarters of Harding. His immediate care will be the looking after the welfare of Kilrain. The final arrangements for the fight will be completed at once. John Fleming will act for Smith. The stakes complete are now in the possession of the *Sporting Life*, London, \$8,000 was posted at that office and the first \$2,000 with the New York *Clipper*, this amount which was forwarded to London on Oct. 24, has been received and acknowledged as follows:

Yesterday (Friday) we received a draft for \$2,000 on the Union Bank, London, and the following letter:
The New York *Clipper*,
88 and 90 Centre St., New York,
October 24, 1887.

To the Editor of the "Sporting Life":

SIR—Enclosed find a draft covering the amount posted at this office for the Smith-Kilrain match. Said amount (2,000 dollars) we turn over to the *Sporting Life*, permanent stakeholder. Yours, &c., G. W. KEIL,
The Frank Queen Publishing Company (Limited).
—*Sporting Life*, Nov. 5.

Nothing now remains to be done but to select the battle ground. In this every precaution will be taken to select a place remote from interference by the authorities and that the toughs cannot reach. Both men went into training last week. Kilrain is a hard and earnest worker; he has never been dissipated, and with the clever and experienced Charley Mitchell to work with him, he will be in the best condition of his life for the fight, and will enter the ring with \$1,000 of Richard K. Fox's in his hands, given him to bet that he will win.

PRESS COMMENTS ON THE DEPARTURE OF WILLIAM E. HARDING FOR ENGLAND.

William E. Harding, the sporting editor of the *Police Gazette*, sailed for England on the *Etruria* yesterday, at 2 P. M. Col. Harding will represent Mr. Richard K. Fox in behalf of Kilrain in the great international championship fight with Jem Smith, at Madrid, Spain, on Jan. 3 next. He carries to Kilrain Mr. Fox's check for \$1,000, which will be presented to Kilrain to bet on himself in the fight.—*New York Star*, Nov. 13.

William E. Harding, sporting editor of the *News* and *Police Gazette*, sailed for Europe yesterday, on the *Etruria*. Hundreds of his friends assembled to see him off, and many of them sent him baskets of flowers. Mr. Harding goes abroad as a representative of Richard K. Fox in the international prize fight between Kilrain and Smith, which will take place in Spain in January. Mr. Fox has brought the champions of America and England so far toward the contest with eminent success. This is the first representative international contest for many years, and if it is concluded by a battle it will be the first one of the kind since Heenan and Sayers met. So far it has cost about \$10,000 of Mr. Fox's money, including the belt, Kilrain's expenses, stakes, etc. Mr. Harding yesterday had a draft on London for £200 (\$1,000) indorsed, "to be handed to Jake Kilrain in the ring to bet upon the result, and be his if he wins." On his arrival in London he will make the *Sporting Life* office his headquarters.—*N. Y. Daily News*, Nov. 13.

William E. Harding has been sent with £200 to present Jake Kilrain when he steps into the ring to fight Jem Smith. Harding sailed on the *Etruria* on Saturday.—*N. Y. Sun*, Nov. 15.

William Gammon, the Park Row jeweler, sent to William E. Harding of the *Police Gazette*, at his office on

Saturday morning a handsome solid silver gold-lined coffee set. Each piece bears the inscription: "William E. Harding, compliments William Gammon."—*N. Y. Sun*, Nov. 13.

SPORTING MEN EAST AND WEST ENDORSE KILRAIN.

Dan O'Leary, ex-champion pedestrian, writes from Kansas City, Mo.: "Kilrain has all the boys here with him. I wish him every luck in the world, and I hope that he will return champion of the world."

James Nertney, of Glenwood, Colorado, writes: "The main topic of conversation in this place is the coming great international championship fight between Kilrain and Smith. They are all Kilrain men here and all are anxious that he should win. Hurrah for Kilrain and Mr. Fox, the greatest sporting man on earth."

SACRAMENTO CITY, CAL., Nov. 8, 1887.

Mr. Richard K. Fox:

DEAR SIR—Enclosed please find \$5 as per postal card. Please send me the colors of Jake Kilrain at earliest opportunity. May Jake win is the wish of yours truly,
BARTHOLOMEW LUCY.

Mint Saloon, cor. 2nd and K Streets.

Dan Allen, the noted horseman of Randolph, Mo., says: "I hope to see Kilrain a winner. I don't take much stock in prize fighters, but I believe Jake Kilrain to be away above the average in all manly attributes. He is a first-class general athlete. In rowing, jumping, running and boxing he excels. I never saw his equal with the gloves, and his past record shows he can fight as good as he can spar. I think Englishmen will be surprised at the cleverness of the American on the day of the battle, and none more so than Jem Smith."

Ned McKenny, an old-time sport of Gardiner, Mo., says: "I believe Kilrain to be the fittest representative to contend with the English champion. I always had an idea that Sullivan would not be a success in a 24-foot ring with the 'raw' uns." His rushes will not avail where there is a clever, tricky antagonist, such as Smith, to dodge and evade them, and Smith would soon have the "big fellow" winded and at his mercy. Now, I consider Kilrain a far more scientific and careful boxer than Sullivan, and I believe he can make a better fight in a 24-foot ring than Sullivan could. I have such confidence in Kilrain's ability that I intend to invest my money on him, should opportunity offer, and it's seldom I make bets on a prize fight; but I know Jake and the stuff he is made of."

Joshua Dowse, an old sport of Salem, Mass., and Chief of Police at Togns, Me., says: "I have watched Kilrain's career with some interest, and was greatly pleased at the selection made by Richard K. Fox. I considered Kilrain an honor to his profession, and the one above all others capable of upholding his country's honor. I have the greatest confidence in Kilrain's ability to conquer the English champion. The man who could only make a draw with Greenfield will never lower the colors of Kilrain. At least that is my opinion and earnest wish."

Tom Merrill, of Gardiner, Me., said: "I shall be surprised if Kilrain don't bring back the 'Police Gazette' belt. The inducements are so great for Kilrain that he will fight for all he is worth. If he wins that fight Richard K. Fox will make him a rich man—at least that is my impression. Jake has confidence, and I don't see why he should not win. He is a big, active, clever boxer, and Smith must be a wonder indeed if he wins without one of the most memorable struggles on record. I pin my faith on Kilrain's colors and believe they will be triumphant."

WHAT AN ENGLISH PAPER SAYS OF OUR CHAMPION.

If the Royal Aquarium holds 10,000 persons, as stated to us on Monday evening, then quite that number must have turned up to witness the debut of Mitchell and Kilrain at that theatre and on that evening.

The only passport to the interior was coin of the realm. The free list was entirely suspended. Yet such appears to be the love of the national sport, that from one end of the vast structure to the other was one solid crowd.

About a quarter past 10 the diamond belt was brought upon the stage.

In a conversation we had with Jake Kilrain and Charley Mitchell on Tuesday night at the Aquarium, the latter said that, being in circumstances which enabled him to pick and choose, he had decided on meeting Sullivan and no other, and win or lose, then to take his final adieu from the boxing stage as a candidate for fistic honors.

Next week Kilrain begins his preparation in real earnest. The two Charlies, Mitchell and Rowell, will act as trainers and mentors; and with such pals, Jake ought to come fit and well to the place of meeting, wherever and whenever it may be.—*Licensed Victualers' Gazette*, London.

JAKE KILRAIN AND CHARLEY MITCHELL AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.

A fight for the championship of England has never failed to arouse an immense amount of interest not only in pugilistic circles, but in all quarters where admiration of personal courage prevails. Such a conflict, however, pales into comparative insignificance in the face of the forthcoming struggle for the championship of the universe between the chosen representatives of the old and new worlds. Since that ever memorable morning, April 17, 1880, when the gallant Tom Sayers, the champion of England, fought the Benecia Boy at Farnborough, and sustained in a remarkable manner the prestige of the British Isles as the seminary of the fistic art, no pugilistic encounter has created half the amount of excitement of that to be decided within two months of the present date between Jake Kilrain, the champion of America, and Jem Smith, the champion of England. Jem Smith may be looked upon as the embodiment and type of a thorough Englishman in a physical sense, and the position of responsibility and honor Jem has undertaken he is not likely to shrink from. As the undaunted British champion he will step into the ring, and it is the unmistakable opinion of all his countrymen that he will acquire himself in a manner which will afford ample proof that he loves the reputation of his native country. Kilrain, on the other hand, is a stranger in a strange land, and expects that the spirit of fair play, which is the avowed principle of Britons in peace or war, will be preserved. There was a large gathering of spectators last night in the capacious building where the Mohawks, engineered by the versatile Harry Hunter, have held high carnival for nine years, and everything went "merry as a marriage bell." Precisely at the appointed hour (9 o'clock) the two fistic luminaries appeared on the stage, and were introduced by Mr. Stuart McCray, who displayed the "Police Gazette" diamond belt to the audience, and gave a brief resume of its history. On "Time!" being called, Kilrain was the first to take the initiative by landing a little one on the side of Mitchell's head. Charley countered on the forehead, but received in return a terrific sneeze in the face, and, after some pretty sparring, the round ended. Mitchell opened the second bout with a splendid left-hand, which the Yankee returned with interest. Ding-dong was the order of battle in the closing round, and the boxers retired amid loud cheers,

afterwards returning to bow their acknowledgments. "Tom Crib's Parlor" was a festive turn out, Jem Mace appearing in the front rank with the old belt, fought for by Sayers and Heenan, likewise the American belt, which he wrested from Tom Allen, Professors Waite and Otterway, Pooley Mace, Charley Ford and others gracing the platform. Mace received a well-deserved ovation, and looked in first-class trim, and cries of "good old Jem" resounded through the building. This (Saturday) night will be Kilrain and Mitchell's wind-up, and a big company is expected.—*Sporting Life*, London, Nov. 5.

JAKE KILRAIN AND CHARLEY MITCHELL AT THE AQUARIUM.

Referring to the great fight between Sayers and Heenan, a writer in the pages of "All the Year Round" under the date of May 19, 1880, concludes an interesting article on that ever-memorable conflict as follows:—"This fight has been declared a 'draw,' and a draw it certainly was in every sense of the word. It drew hundreds of people from many parts of the globe, it drew thousands from their beds, it drew £4,000 or £5,000 for a special railway train, one half of which sum will be divided by arrangement between the two men. It drew all England from its usual business engagements about midday on the memorable Tuesday, April 17, 1880. It drew thirty-five bales, containing two tons of newspaper (the largest number ever shipped aboard in one ship) to America, at the earliest possible moment. It drew several distinguished mercantile bodies into subscribing testimonials for the English champion; it drew uncountable numbers of people into supporting a great pugilistic festival. The interested spectators now nightly surrounding the central stage of the Aquarium, supply an eloquent proof that the warlike spirit which animated our elders in 1880 burns to-day even fiercer in the breasts of a younger generation."

While encouraging our own sturdy champion, Jem Smith, to do his best for the old country, a tribute of praise and admiration is due to the gallant spirit which has brought Kilrain across the ocean to beard the British Lion in his own den, and "may the best win" is the wish of all genuine sportsmen. No end of sportsmen were at the show last night, and space forbids even the mention of a single name. Suffice it to say that the talent mustered in force, and the usual opinions on such occasions were volunteered. The introduction having been made and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt exhibited, the two boxers trod the boards and received a cordial welcome. The sparring was of a give-and-take character in all three rounds, Kilrain contenting himself with the knowledge he evidently possesses of being able to score when he has a mind to. The loud applause which greeted the boxers on their retirement evidently foreshadowed a big gathering this (Saturday) evening, when Kilrain and Mitchell take their departure for Birmingham.—*Sporting Life*, London, Nov. 5.

INTERVIEW WITH JAKE KILRAIN, CHAMPION OF AMERICA.
(By our Special Commissioner.)

On Monday night I went to the Aquarium to see the champion of America and his *fidus Achates*, Charley Mitchell, in their first set-to there. On Kilrain entering I pointed to two letters of mine to him asking for an interview. On my asking him to accord me half an hour's talk, his mentor Mitchell replied, "Why not come up to the house to-morrow morning?" The house turned out to be that of "Pony" Moore, of Moore & Burgess minstrel fame, father-in-law of Mitchell, and where the two pugilists were staying. On Tuesday morning I found myself at "Moore" House, Finchley Road, and shortly after Kilrain put in an appearance. He is the mildest-mannered man that ever punched a head. His voice is soft and low, and the heavy bristling moustache, that gives him the appearance of ferocity, and the keen glancing eyes are belied by his modest and quiet demeanor.

I had witnessed his bout on Monday night with Mitchell, and there were a large number of the *cognoscenti* present. Three rounds took place, and at the close thereof many men "in the know" expressed the opinion that Kilrain would win; and these opinions were backed by substantial offers to accept any odds laid on Jem.

On my asking Kilrain if he was satisfied with his reception in England, he replied: "More than satisfied. I have been treated with kindness and generosity wherever I have shown myself in public and in private. Mitchell and I have been sparring in Dublin and in Plymouth, and our reception has been most gratifying."

On my asking his height, weight, &c., he replied: "I am 5 feet 11½ inches, and I weigh, as I stand now, 15 stone 8 pounds, but my fighting weight is 13 stone 8 pounds. I start training in a fortnight from yesterday. Mitchell and Rowell, the pedestrian are to look after me. I must not tell you the place where I am to be trained, as the authorities would have their eyes on me."

"I hope you will both get fair play," I said, "and be allowed to bring the fight to a finish. I know Smith and his friends are anxious for that."

"Well, I believe every precaution will be taken. One hundred names are to be submitted, and if one does not like another person, both names will be left out. The noblemen and gentlemen who are already selected are a sufficient guarantee to my mind that we shall be unmolested. If any suspicion attaches to any name it will be crossed out."

"Yes, the Pelican Club have supplied a few comers; I have invited them, but not to spar."

"My age is twenty-eight. Of course I must shave off my moustache for the event, but it will be a real grief to me."

At this point Mr. Pony Moore entered the room at the moment we were speaking of J. L. Sullivan, the self-styled champion of America.

"As to Sullivan," said Kilrain, "he refused to fight me. I offered to fight him for \$5,000 or \$10,000 and the championship of the world, on May 30, 1887. One thousand dollars were deposited with the New York *Clipper* by Mr. R. K. Fox, of the *POLICE GAZETTE*—my backer. He did not accept this challenge, and the money was left for a month. In the meantime I offered to fight any man in America for \$2,500 and upwards. No one accepted my challenge, and I was accordingly declared champion of America on June 4, 1887, and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt was presented to me, and I agreed to defend it against all comers. I then challenged Jem Smith, who was styled champion of the world, because Sullivan had refused to fight him when champion in 1886, after having challenged him."

"But he is coming to England," I said.

"Yes, I know; and says he will challenge the winner of the coming fight. He never said a word on this subject until Mitchell and I had left America. In addition to my challenge there are two men in America named Cardiff and Killen who have challenged him in America, but he did not accept."

"Yes, I was born in America, and worked as a skilled artisan as a brass tube maker. I am of Irish parentage."

"What was Sullivan's excuse for declining to meet these two men?"

"His excuse was that he was coming to England to fight Smith and myself, or, rather, whoever proved the winner."

"Did not Mitchell have a 'go' with him?"

"Yes, in a glove fight; and he is the only man who ever knocked him down. He is most anxious to meet him, and has put up £200 for Sullivan to cover. Mitchell is a sharp man, and would not risk his money unless he knew he had a good chance."

"No, the respectable portion of the sporting fraternity look on Sullivan with contempt; he has shuffled out of so many challenges. I should like you to say that in my opinion he does not want to fight; and as to challenging Smith and myself all he wants is to exploit us for advertising purposes in his hippodrome sort of sparring exhibitions over here; he knows we can't accept any challenge till our fight is over, and so he gets an advertisement out of our names."

"Do I consider him up to championship form? Not at all. The man he beat last—Ryan—was not even up to middle-weight form. Why, Ryan stood up to poor old Joe Goos, who was over fifty years old, not fit to fight, but he held on for eighty-seven rounds, and then succumbed, owing to a disorder from which he was suffering. He was almost incapable at the start, and yet it took this young man eighty-seven rounds to finish him."

"Do you intend to adopt pugilism as a calling?" "Well, if I win this championship fight, I must keep the belt against all comers; but otherwise, I shall keep to giving exhibitions of scientific sparring, the taste for which has revived in America, and, I am told, in England also."

"As to Sullivan—well, win or lose in this battle, I shall fight him if he gives me the chance, and, as you say, Smith is anxious to have a 'go' at him, so what with Mitchell, Smith and myself he is likely to have his hands full."

"Have I been trained to athletics long? Well, I have always been at it. I was an amateur sculler before I took to boxing."

"Shall I stay in England long? Well, I hope to do so for five or six months at least. I have been so well treated by English people that I hope to go round with Mitchell to all the large cities and give exhibitions. This is my first visit to England, and I like it vastly."

On my remarking that I fancied he had hit Mitchell once rather harder than he intended the previous evening, Kilrain said:

"Well, we are rough occasionally, but I can't help it; we never 'fake' our boxing bouts; the fact is, I can't do it. I am bound to be in earnest to a certain extent, and we punish one another occasionally."

"Do you feel sanguine as to the result?"

"I not only feel sanguine; but I don't think that at the present moment there is a man that could lick me. But, then, every good man feels the same. As to what Smith said to you in your interview about being just as good friends after, win or lose, I shall feel exactly the same, and bear no ill-will whatever. It is simply a matter of business with us both."

"Is there much bare-knuckle fighting in America?"

"Yes; lots of it."

"My measurement round the chest is 41 inches; Mitchell measures almost as much. I admit Smith is a very strongly-built man, but Mitchell is not far short of him, although Smith's legs and arms look bigger. And Mitchell is very strong, although you fancy he looks small, when stripped, beside me."

"It is quite possible that less than fifty a side will go. That will be left to Smith's representative and mine. Mitchell will be my second. As to the odds of £20 to £40 that you mention, I wonder they are not higher. The American money will come here to support me, but they want all the odds they can get. From what I can judge, I should say that moneyed Englishmen can be found in abundance to support a 'square' fight if they be guaranteed free from rowdyism."

Charley Mitchell here entered the room, and on my suggesting that I had heard of several noblemen and gentlemen offering their secluded parks for the encounter, said: "No, no, that would never do; the fight must come off in Spain, where there is no extradition treaty."

"I have told our friend here, Charley," said Kilrain, "that you are anxious for a meeting with Sullivan."

"Ah!" replied Mitchell, "he is coming over here with all the swagger he can put on to impose upon the British public that he is up to champion form. He has not been up to fighting form for years. All he has done of late has been to pay men to stand up to; him for four rounds with the gloves."

Asked as to the prospects of a quiet fight, Mitchell said: "I feel confident there will be no interruption, from the care that has been exercised in the selection of those to be present."

On bidding good-day to the two pugilists, Mitchell asked me to mention that the American papers were abusing them for having ejected two American reporters from the dressing room in St. James Hall on the occasion of their first boxing bout. He explained that they were insolent and abusive, and were ejected, but not assaulted, as was stated by the American newspapers.

On my remarking to Kilrain that Jem Smith appeared to me as likely to stand a good deal of punishment, he replied, "It may be, all I know is that I don't intend to take more than I can help!" Bidding me good-bye, I received a hearty wrench of the hand from Kilrain, who said, "All I have to say now is, May the best man win!"

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY SELDOM GRANTED.

On Tuesday (always Tuesday), October 11th, 1887, at the city of New Orleans, La., the 200th Grand Monthly Drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery Company took place. The result was this: Number 43,646 drew the First Prize of \$150,000; it was sold in tenths at \$1.00 each. One went to Mrs. Chas. A. Scott, of Springfield, Brown county, Minn.; paid through Merchants Bank of Sleepy Eye, Minn.; one went to L. Faget, a broker, at 181 Common St., New Orleans, La.; one was paid to H. Kinler, runner, Union National Bank, New Orleans, La., for a depositor there; one to Chas. A. Johnson, 375 W. Ohio St., Chicago; one to L. Ginsburg, 57 Salem St., Boston, Mass.; one was collected through Fourth National Bank of New York City. No. 42,067 drew the Second Prize of \$50,000; it was sold in fractional tenths at \$1.00 each. One was paid Thomas Neal, New Iberia, La.; one to Herbert R. Cole, Portland, Me.; one to I. P. Gunter, Augusta, Ga.; one to John D. Meeks, Fayetteville, Tenn.; one to Jno. W. Richards, Hopkinsville, Ky.; one to Henry Ecker, New York City, and the names of the rest are withheld by request. No. 58,480 drew the third prize of \$20,000, also sold in tenths at \$1.00 each. Two were held by V. Tjujane, 213 Decatur St., New Orleans, La.; two by David Israel, Donaldsonville, La.; one by W. O. Van Dyke, care of Marshall, Field & Co., Chicago; one by Frank Kubetz, 185 Dearborn St., Chicago; one by John F. Sullivan, 50 Fleet St., Boston, Mass.; one by F. A. Buttrick, 95 Milk St., Boston, Mass.; and so \$335,000 was scattered hither and yon.—*New Orleans Picayune*, Nov. 8.

A BIG BATTLE.

The Tremendous Fight for the Light-weight Championship of the World.

McAULIFFE vs. CARNEY.

The Brooklyn Boy Stands up Gallantly Against the British Bulldog.

THE FIGHT DECLARED OFF.

Around a 24-foot ring, located in a stable within one hour's fast riding of Boston's old State House, sat a gathering of fifty persons at a late hour the night of November 15. Among the number were sports of all kinds, most of them, however, being leading men in their walks of life. They had come from all distances,



CARNEY THREW HIS HAT IN THE RING.

both near and far, to witness the great international light-weight championship prize fight between Jem Carney of England, conqueror of all his class in the British Isles, and Jack McAuliffe of America, the undisputed champion light-weight pugilist of this country.

Thrice arranged was the contest, and at last the time had come for a battle and final decision as to who was the greatest man of light weight in the world. The gathering that hovered about the ring were there to watch with eager eyes every movement of the great fighting pair, and even before the two fighters entered the ring on almost every countenance there was a look of great anxiety.

The biggest sporting man in New York, whose money was lavishly put up on Carney at odds of \$1,000 to \$800 did not look as if he seemed at all certain that the verdict would be in his favor. A doubt rested in almost everybody's mind, though backers of each side paced to and fro near the ring side for four hours before the combat began and tried to look as cheerful as was possible considering the circumstances.

The knowing ones in the sporting world, and those who had money in the original \$5,000 stakes that had been posted, were given the tip to be about town early last evening, as the two light-weights would surely enter the ring at 8 o'clock at a place provided by the final stakeholder and the gentleman appointed to look after such details. Every one was on hand at the time stated, but the owner of the structure in which the ring had been pitched thought that, by a passing glimpse, some one would become cognizant of the fact that something of an unusual character was taking place in his stable, and possibly the police might be notified. So he decided to wait till the midnight hour was at hand, and then let the battle go on.

In the meantime most of the crowd that had gathered to witness the sport were quartered in a hotel near by, and there drank bumper after bumper of that which would cheer their hours of waiting. Others walked away the time in discussion of the merits of both contestants, and frequent small bets of \$100 to



MAC'S TERRIBLE BLOW IN THE FIRST ROUND.

\$50 were placed on the English champion. The contestants for light-weight honors were tucked snugly in their little beds when they learned of the delay, and there they slept as soundly as if they were to wake up

as guests at a merrymaking, instead of a prospective fierce and bloody battle, where each would do his utmost to disable the other and win for himself fresh laurels, as well as the coin of the realm. The hours stole slowly along, and nothing of an alarming nature disturbed the sporting gathering. Nine, 10 and 11 o'clock went by, and a few of the interested gentlemen outside reported that all was well, and no one need fear arrest. The crowd was a very patient one, and very cautious also. They moved about the house in which they were quartered, stepping lightly on tiptoe,



CARNEY RUSHES MATTERS.

and talking hardly above a whisper. When the word came that all would be ready before midnight, they seemed greatly relieved, and looked more cheerful than they had at any time during the evening. Carney and McAuliffe men alike. All was soon in readiness to make the exit from the house to the stable, and one after the other of the men stole through the darkness of night through the small opening in the big barn door, and waited for the ceremonies to begin.

In the dead of the night hardly a sound was audible, and when the huge barn door closed on the outside world, the assembled company was as quiet as a Sunday school gathering, despite the fact that they were sporting men, and they gloried in skin-glove fights, where fistic science is shown to its best advantage. The inside of the barn did not look like such a place as the Marquis of Queensberry would choose for an exposition of his art of self-defense, but it was as good as the circumstances would allow, and that is saying a great deal. The stable was about 100 feet long and 90 feet wide. Half of the width was taken up by stalls on each side. The ring was pitched near the large door in the northerly section. Common kerosene lamps, with tin reflectors, furnished light. The flickering rays of the lamps did not make the barn look very bright, but the ring was bright enough for both men to see without trouble and gave them no cause for complaint. Things were not in readiness as soon as was expected, and it was midnight when the final "get ready" was given the fighters in their rooms. From 11:30 to 12 o'clock the McAuliffe men showed their hands. One of them stood on the floor below where the fighters were sleeping. He offered to take all bets against McAuliffe at odds of \$800 to \$1,000, and was accommodated in several instances. Then the Carney men wanted the McAuliffe men to bet even money, but they would go no better than \$800 to \$1,000.

According to the articles of agreement, the referee was obliged to give the contestants 48 hours' notice to prepare for weighing in, and the men were supposed to weigh eight hours before the battle. They weighed shortly after noon in the presence of backers of both



IT WAS GIVE AND TAKE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FIGHT.

sides, and Mr. Frank Stevenson, the referee. Carney tipped the scales at 129 pounds, and his opponent was just 24 pounds heavier. The former looked stronger than McAuliffe, who did not look as well as a man ought to who was going to engage in so trying a contest. He said he felt well, though so one of his friends thought otherwise. Carney was in a happy frame of mind, and looked forward to the "scrap" with pleasure. He said he was as strong as a bull, and in better condition than he was the night he fought Mitchell.

The rain was falling lightly when both men came from the house to the stable in a carriage, which also brought the seconds. It was then 12:40 A. M. Before going into the ring, where the men divested themselves of their outside clothing, Carney threw his colors and hat before him for good luck.

In a few moments Referee Stevenson requested the men to shake hands, and as they did so Carney offered to bet \$500 even that he would win. This offer was refused by McAuliffe, and then the English champion offered \$500 to \$450 that he would win, which bet was accepted by McAuliffe.

As they faced each other at the call of time, Carney looked in better condition than his opponent. He was only a bit shorter, but the deficiency in height was more than made up by his deep chest and broad shoulders. McAuliffe's flesh was as white as the driven snow, but he had a little color in his cheeks. The English champion was stripped to the waist. He wore white tights to the knees, white socks and black-laced shoes. Around his waist was a vari-colored belt. McAuliffe wore blue tights to the knees, white belt, white shoes and red socks. To a casual observer, Carney looked the heavier of the two, but he was not, his weight being 132 pounds, while his opponent weighed one or two pounds more. It was almost 1 o'clock when all was ready, and the fight commenced after the principals again shook hands and their seconds did likewise.

Both men immediately assumed fighting attitudes,

five feet separating them. McAuliffe stood up a la Jack Dempsey, and for half a minute both sparred for an opening. McAuliffe opened by rushing Carney to the ropes, delivering two or three rapid blows as he did so, and Carney slipped to the floor, but was up in a jiffy. Another moment of cautious sparring, and the Brooklyn boy led with his left on Carney's chest. A short exchange was followed by a clinch. Carney led on McAuliffe's chest with his left after being separated, and got no return but a clinch followed. Carney then wanted to force matters, but the American champion dropped his hands, smiled and walked around the ring till he got ready to make another rush. When this rush came McAuliffe hit the English champion right and left without much effect, and Carney again slipped to the ground, when he struck against the ropes. "I will bet \$250 even that McAuliffe wins," said Johnny Colville, but there was no taker. McAuliffe took another rest and then again led with a rush. His right rested on Carney's neck and stomach; then two or three blows were exchanged with honors, even, the little fighting closing as usual with a rush. McAuliffe again rested while Carney chased him about to fight, but McAuliffe took his time. Again McAuliffe made a rush and got in a few blows, one of which knocked Carney off his feet, but the English champion did not wince a bit, and only smiled at the proceedings. In ten seconds time was called, with what little real fighting that had been done all in the American's favor.

The second round was begun in the usual cautious way. Then Carney saw things were not going to be lively, and he folded his arms and asked for fight. McAuliffe was playing a waiting game and took his time. One minute after the round opened the American tried another one of his rushes, but he failed to get near Carney, and the latter caught him with a stinging blow on the back of the neck. At the end of another round, during which the men alternately put up their hands, feigned to strike and put their hands down again, McAuliffe made another rush, this time very viciously. Carney suffered from these sledge-hammer blows on the neck and body, and just missed an upper cut that might have settled the contest, and Carney gave no exchange. Carney chased McAuliffe about the ring for a short time, and McAuliffe returned the compliment. Then they both led at the same



JEM GOES FOR JACK'S BREAD BASKET.

time, and a clinch followed. Carney let go first, and played a tattoo on the American's ribs, McAuliffe retaliating in a mild manner. Foul was claimed, but disallowed. Mr. Colville then offered to bet \$250 to \$200 on his man, but there were no takers. While the men were clinched, after another rush, time was called, with the battle still in McAuliffe's favor.

The third round opened with Carney trying to fathom the little boy from Brooklyn. He did not have very long to ponder, as McAuliffe again made one of his rushes, but for once he fell short in his blows, and a clinch, with two or three light exchanges, was all that resulted. For fully a minute there was a pause, and then Carney led, but fell short, and the men again clinched without a blow reaching home. Carney got the American in his own corner, and before he got away McAuliffe had received half a dozen terrific blows on his head, neck and face. With but a few exchanges the round closed and honors were easy.

Carney opened the fourth round with a light hand lead, when he poked his right in McAuliffe's face. McAuliffe kept away for awhile and then rushed, successfully hitting the man from across the water half a dozen times on the face and body with a telling exchange. Then McAuliffe went away from his opponent and returned with a rush with his head down. With his right he gave Carney a blow in the bread basket that would have settled any man not in the best of condition. McAuliffe got away without exchange and again returned with a rush, catching Carney on the ribs with his right and left and getting a sledge-hammer blow with Carney's right on the back of the neck for his work. Twice the men exchanged rapidly at long range, and the round closed with honors even, though McAuliffe had the best of the fight as far as it went.

McAuliffe opened the fifth round with a left hand lead on Carney's breast, and then swung his right on Carney's neck. The English champion retaliated with half a dozen rib roasters that made matters more even. McAuliffe led twice afterward with his left, which found a resting place on Carney's chest, and clinches followed. Carney led twice, and clinches followed, but after he had made the most of his opportunity and



CARNEY GETS MAC OVER THE ROPES.

battered McAuliffe's body and neck half a dozen times, one of Carney's admirers offered to bet \$20 even on his man, and a McAuliffe man said he would go him for ten times that amount. The round on the whole was slightly in favor of Carney.

The sixth round was opened by Carney standing in the middle of the ring and asking McAuliffe to come to

him and get to work. The men looked at each other for two minutes, and then Carney led ineffectually with his left. The round closed with but half a dozen blows having been struck, and they amounted to naught. The McAuliffe men now offered bets of \$100 to \$75 on the American.

Both men opened the seventh round by leading with their lefts simultaneously. Then Carney rushed his opponent and sent in half a dozen vicious blows on the American's head, neck and body, making McAuliffe drop to the floor. Al Smith, of New York, then backed Carney for \$200 at even, and the fighters made things lively with short exchanges, which resulted in favor



McAULIFFE SHUTS ONE OF THE ENGLISHMAN'S EYES.

of Carney. Some one thought that McAuliffe fouled his opponent by hitting at him after a clinch, but the fight went on, the round closing with honors even.

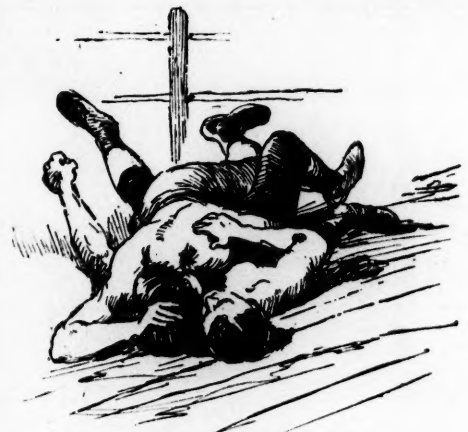
The eighth round was opened by Carney, but he was badly worsted before the three minutes were up. McAuliffe once caught him in a corner and staggered him by swinging with his right hand on the Birmingham lad's jugular. The round was decidedly in favor of McAuliffe.

The ninth round was somewhat better for a time. There was no fighting of consequence in the tenth round, and only one blow of consequence, that which McAuliffe gave Carney on the nose, which drew the claret from that member. First blood was claimed and granted just as time was called, and the fight, as far as it went to this time, was in McAuliffe's favor.

Carney had not fathomed the Brooklyn boy's deceptive work, mapped out by so great a general as Jack Dempsey. Neither man was at all tired at the end of the tenth round.

From the eleventh to the twentieth round the fighting was about the same as it was from the first to the tenth round. From the twentieth to the thirtieth round McAuliffe led with his left on Carney's eye, and it commenced to close. From the twelfth to the fiftieth round there was a great deal of dissatisfaction expressed as to what was claimed to be fouls perpetrated by Carney. In the sixty-eighth round both men fell in a heap to the floor after a clinch. McAuliffe lay where he fell for half a minute, and claimed that he was hit in a private part by Carney's head. Both men were ordered to their corners as time expired. Carney forced matters in the 69th and 70th rounds. In the latter he knocked the Brooklyn boy clear off his pins twice.

In the 74th and last round McAuliffe led off with a light one on the nose, and Carney went at his man with both hands. First he landed on the nose with his left and then swung his right onto the jaw. McAuliffe partly fell and was partly knocked down, Carney falling over his antagonist. In an instant the ring was broken again and the combatants surrounded by a frantic mob. The referee tried to make himself heard,



THE LAST OF THE STRUGGLE.

but that was impossible, and finding that there was no chance of finishing the fight he decided to postpone it until both men could get a chance to do themselves justice.

The proprietor of the place also fearing a raid, refused to let the combat proceed any further. Carney was greatly cut up over the outcome of the encounter, and cried like a child. McAuliffe, to show that he was still very fresh, ran like a deer from the ring to the hotel, but his face was in a deplorable condition, and he could hardly see.

When the official decision was rendered all hands hurried back to Boston to get some much needed sleep. McAuliffe was hid away lest his bruises should lead to his arrest. Carney went to Patsy Sheppard's place, The Abbey, in Boston, where he is anxiously awaiting the referee's order to finish the combat. It is very doubtful if this will take place for some time, as the appearance of McAuliffe on the street would be the signal for arrest.

The battle lasted 5 hours 4 minutes and 15 seconds. Out of this time 4 minutes was spent in the wrangling. This made the fighting time 4 hours 58 minutes 15 seconds.

Frank Stevenson, the referee, says he has done with the affair—that the reporters present gave away the place and names of those connected with the fight, and that he has washed his hands of the match altogether. He notified both principals to consult with their backers as to the disposition of the stakes. The general opinion is that the match will stand a draw, and that the men will never be brought together again.

N. B.—We shall be pleased to furnish any newspaper in the United States or Canada with electro-types of Jake Kilrain, the American champion, and Jem Smith, the English champion, now matched to fight for \$10,000, the "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt and the championship of the world, on application to Richard K. Fox.



THE CHOLERA DEMON CASTS ITS DREADFUL BUT WARNING SHADOW OVER THE
COMMERCIAL GATEWAY OF THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.



A FAVORITE CABIN PASSENGER
MALE NURSES FOR FEMALE
PATIENTS
QUART

ESCAPE OF
WITHOUT KNIVES
OR FORKS



PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Battles of a Week.

Billy Myers, of Streator, Ill., who defeated Harry Gilmore, challenges Jack McAuliffe to a fight with small gloves, Queensberry rules, for \$1,500 to \$2,500.

Mervine Thompson, "the Cleveland Thunderbolt," and John C. Peters, the Detroit heavy-weight, have been matched for a fight to a finish with small gloves.

Mike C. Conley, the Ithaca Giant, at present in the saloon business at Ashland, Wis., wants a match with Patsy Cardiff for \$1,000 a side, to a finish, London prize ring rules.

Ben Gale and Tom Wilson, both of whom hail from Hammersmith, Eng., fought at Hale End, Essex, Nov. 4, for £20 a side. They were well matched and made a desperate fight. After 35 rounds, lasting 58 minutes, the verdict was given in favor of Ben Gale.

We have received from the "Sporting Life" office, London, Eng., an acknowledgment of the receipt of the two thousand dollars forwarded from the New York *Clipper*, being the amount of the first deposit in the match between Kilrain and Smith for the championship of the world.—New York *Clipper*, Nov. 19.

Charles Elliott and young Bill Bray of Kensal, New Town, Eng., light-weight pugilists, fought at Willesden Junction with the raw "uns Oct. 30. Bray had the fight all his own way from the start, and at the end of the fifth round had his man beat to a standstill, and the sponge was then thrown up in his favor. It was their second meeting to decide the fight, the first, Oct. 23, was interrupted by the police in the fifth round.

Young Dempsey, the light-weight champion of the Pacific Coast, and Pete O'Brien fought at Vallejo, Cal., Nov. 6, for \$200, with small gloves, and the fight was awarded to O'Brien on a foul in the third round. J. Ferguson, of Vallejo, Dempsey's backer, writes that his man was robbed of the fight, and that he has posted \$250 with the San Francisco *Chronicle* and will match Dempsey against O'Brien, to fight to a finish, with skin gloves, according to "Police Gazette" rules, for \$1,000 a side.

Jack Dempsey and Johnny Beagan met at this office Nov. 11th and posted \$500 a side, balance of stakes in their match. The men came up from their training quarters in the morning, and they greeted each other when they met. There was a big crowd of sports present to see them. Among them were Frank Stevenson, Billy Madden, Mark Maguire, Arty Kerker, Strong Arm Mike Costello, Billy Dacey, Bob Turnbull and Tommy Barnes. The articles signed Sept. 13 call for a fight to a finish with skin gloves, London rules, for \$1,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which Dempsey now holds. William E. Harding, temporary stakeholder, was succeeded by Richard K. Fox. The referee will be named by Mr. Fox on December 6. The battle will be decided between Dec. 9 and 14 within 100 miles of New York. In addition to the stakes a limited number of spectators will contribute a purse of \$1,500, all of which the winner will receive. Veteran Bob Smith has Beagan in hand at Fort Hamilton.

Jack McGinty, of New York, and Paddy Duffy, of Boston, welter-weights, met in an 8-round glove contest for a purse, at the Athenaeum Club, Boston, Nov. 17. Each of the eight rounds was full of good fighting, but at the end was declared a draw. At the call of time McGinty led, but Duffy countered, and the blow fell short. Then Duffy found an opening for his left on McGinty's nose, but while he was landing it McGinty's right left its mark on Duffy's upper lip. In the second round McGinty had a little the best of it. He landed one hand after the other on Duffy's left cheek, opening a big gash, while the Bostonian did not land a blow. He made up for it in the next round when he let drive with his right and, catching the New Yorker in the mouth landed him on the ropes. In the fourth and fifth rounds both did good work at short range, but neither was badly damaged. In the sixth round, McGinty started the blood again with a right-hander, which landed on the old wound on Duffy's cheek. In the seventh, Duffy placed a new mark on McGinty's chin. The eighth and last round was very evenly contested, both men putting in some good blows, but neither having the advantage.

John G. Wyman, of Canaan, and Clement McGill, of Dexter, Me., both heavy-weights, fought with three-ounce gloves, "Police Gazette" rules, at Finber's Hall, Skowhegan, Me., Nov. 14. The fight was to be to a finish for the gate money, the winner to receive all. About 300 witnessed the go, which lasted four rounds, when the referee gave the fight to McGill on a foul. Wyman is 6 feet 2 inches, 32 years old, and weighed 206 pounds, and a native of Canaan. McGill is 6 feet 9½ inches, 24 years of age and 182 pounds in weight. He hails from St. John, N. B. The first round was slow. McGill forced matters in the second round, and got in some good blows on Wyman's neck and body. In a clinch Wyman threw McGill. Wyman had the best of the third round, and knocked McGill around until he was ready to drop. They went at it hot and heavy in the fourth round, until a cry of time sent them to their chairs. One of the audience had cried the time, and the men were ordered to resume fighting. Wyman at once jumped from his corner and, rushing over to McGill, struck him in the face as he was leaving his chair. The claim of foul was raised by the latter's seconds, and allowed by the referee, who gave the verdict to McGill. The decision caused a free fight among the men and their seconds. Wyman's backer now offers to match his man against any heavy-weight in the State for \$100 to \$500 a side.

George LeBlanche, the Marine, was to have fought Jack Fallon four rounds at the Hoboken Casino Nov. 19, but his left hand and arm were so swollen that he explained his condition to the spectators, and got Jim Hovey, of South Boston to take his place under the name of Sherwood. Fallon was soft and flabby, though he had trained a few days. His opponent was a good deal taller and stronger than he and a good deal older. He was bald besides.

ROUND 1—Fallon did pretty much as he pleased with his man and had all the best of the hitting. He also scored a knock-down.

2—Sherwood caught Jack by the legs, and then in a clinch backbeated him and threw him to the floor. When they got up Fallon attempted to throw Sherwood over the ropes, but failed. He basted him right and left several times and bled his nose freely.

3—Sherwood clinched to avoid punishment almost all this round, and he also used his knee on Fallon after the manner of Carney, but Jack forced the fighting and planted almost all the telling blows.

Both were so weak in the last bout that neither could do much damage. They hugged each other repeatedly. Neither was able to box another round, and Referee Wm. Fitzgerald gave the victory to Fallon.

After the fight the Marine announced that he would be glad to meet Fallon the following Saturday night, even if his arm was no better. To this Fallon answered that he would meet the Marine at any time.

George LaBlanche, the Marine, met William Gabig, the mysterious boxer, in a four-round glove contest at the Grand Central theatre, at Wilmington, Nov. 11. LaBlanche had intended knocking out his antagonist, but in this he was mistaken, for, contrary to expectation, Gabig was in prime condition. The fight was declared a draw, but to a disinterested person it was apparent that the Marine was the better man. At the same place, on the following night, Mike Boden faced LaBlanche for four rounds. When Boden and the Marine came together for the first round both began hard fighting. Boden was knocked down in the first half of the round, but at its close neither man had much advantage, although both were badly punched. The second round saw some furious fighting by both men. Boden was badly from his face to his waist, and made frantic efforts to throw LaBlanche every time they clinched. The wind-up of the round was thoroughly brutal in the execution done and both men were suffering. At the opening of the third round Boden began bucking, and a claim of foul

was made but not allowed. The battle at this stage was simply a wild beast exhibition, and LaBlanche had much the best of it. In the fourth round both men strained every nerve. Blood was freely spattered over the stage. Toward the finish everything was confusion, with LaBlanche punishing his man badly. The call of time could not be heard, and LaBlanche persisted in keeping at his man. Referee and seconds interfered, but it was of no avail. The Marine hit the referee and seconds for interfering, and was only quieted after Boden had been carried from the stage. When quiet was restored, Kelly of Philadelphia offered to match the Marine against Boden for \$250, the fight to take place in two hours.

John P. Clow, of Denver, and Frank Glover, of Chicago, had an immense audience to witness their 15-round glove contest, Nov. 14, at Minneapolis, Minn.

FIRST ROUND—After some sparring Glover led, but Clow neatly stopped his blow. Glover led again before the round closed, but did not land.

2—Clow laid his right on Glover's cheek and followed up with his left. Shortly afterwards he reached Glover's face, but not with a square blow. Clow did the best fighting.

3—Clow made two ineffective rushes, then Glover tried it, and Clow threw him back against the ropes. Glover landed on Clow's breast as the round closed.

4—Rushes which developed into wrestling contests made up the round, and twice Glover's seconds claimed foul.

5—Glover kept rushing, and Clow seized him and throwing him back. No blows of any account were exchanged.

6—Glover got in his first fair blow under Clow's left arm; but the latter squared matters by laying his left solidly on Glover's chin. There was the usual amount of clinching and wrestling. Clow had the advantage.

7—Three times Glover attempted a rush, and each time Clow caught him with his left under the chin. In a clinch Clow picked Glover clear off his feet and threw him against the ropes, and had the best of the round.

Clow had the best of it at the end of the fight, which was called a draw.

Charles Coughlan and Frank Smith, both of whom belong to the South End of Boston, fought for satisfaction, with the bare "uns, at Boston, Nov. 16. The ring was pitched in the cellar of an old smithy. George Lewis, of Providence, acted as referee, and Tom Evans timekeeper. Both men stepped to the front eager for the battle at the call of time, and Smith was the first to let go, shooting his left out into Coughlan's face, and from this time to the close of the round it was smash, bang, clinch and break away. In this latter business both of the principals were very good, and broke at each call of the referee. At the close of the round it was apparent that Smith had the best of it, as he had given two blows to his opponent's one, besides being more clever than Coughlan, who was badly winded. He was well seconded, however, and came up fresh for the second round. The fighting waxed lively and the men kept together all the time. It was impossible for them to do otherwise as the ring was so small. Early in this round Coughlan broke the thumb of his right hand, and after this he only used the injured member as a guard, doing all of his execution with his left. Both men were "banged" up considerably, but it was not until the latter portion of the second round that first blood was drawn, when it was seen that Coughlan was bleeding at the mouth. There was no claim, however. Smith rushed his opponent in this round and the latter fell, with Smith on top of him. Smith continued to be the stronger man through four rounds of the battle and it looked as if he would win, but in the fifth Coughlan was given instructions by his second to rush his man, and this he did in good style, landing straight left-handers repeatedly on Smith's throat. These had their effect, and although the latter made a game fight the spectators were obliged to concede that Coughlan had the best of the fifth round. Both men were pretty badly battered up by this time, and it was obvious that the fight would not last much longer. In the sixth round Coughlan did almost all of the landing, and scored a knock down. Both men went to their corners to prepare for the seventh round, but before the call of time Smith left the ring, saying that he had enough, and the fight was awarded to Coughlan. Both were badly used up, and the fight was set down by the spectators as one of the gamest on record.

Paddy Curtin and Paddy Smith, both of this city, middle-weight pugilists, were matched to fight three weeks ago for \$300 a side, with skin-tight gloves to a finish, under "Police Gazette" rules. Their backers were Steve Brodie, the Jumper, for Curtin, and Mike Lynch for Smith. Smith hails from the Eighth ward, is of German descent, thirty years old, 5 feet 6½ inches in height, and is a North river fruit handler. Curtin is an Eighth warder, twenty-five years of age, a peddler by occupation, 5 feet 8 inches high. Each has fought several times, and once before were matched and fought a draw. Nov. 11 was the date set for the mill. Tickets were sold at 45¢ each, and \$200 was thus realized. This amount was to be added to the stakes to go to the winner of the fight. Arrangements were made to have the battle take place at the West Side Trotting Track, Jersey City, and the ticket holders were crossing to Jersey City all the evening up to midnight. Only forty persons were to see the fight, according to the agreement, but by 10:30 P. M., more than twice that number were in the barroom at the track, and when the men stepped into the ring the crowd numbered over 150. Among those present were: Jack Fogarty, of Philadelphia; Tom Murphy, Leonard Tracey, of Brooklyn; Jack Files, Jimmy Kelly and Arty Kerker, of Harlem. Steve Brodie had Curtin on hand early. He enjoyed a good three hours' rest before Smith, his backer and the referee appeared. The time spent in waiting the gang put in at sampling Jersey lightning, and soon there were many ugly and drunken men about. The quietly-disposed people sat in an upper room telling of past experience at prize fights. Smith's non-appearance as the hours wore on caused many to start for home. They were the lucky ones, as subsequent events showed. At 12:05 Smith and his backer came in. Smith was allowed 20 minutes rest, while the referee looked after the ring, which was erected in the bar of the grand stand on the track. Smith was the first in the ring. He wore white tights, blue stockings and canvas fighting shoes. His seconds were Jack and Howie Burgess. Curtin was seconded by Steve Brodie and Jack Files, and wore blue tights and white canvas shoes—both were stripped above the waist. Smith weighed 165 pounds and Curtin 5 pounds more. Bob Turnbull kept time for Smith and Ed Plummer for Curtin. Time was called at 12:35 A. M. Smith rushed to the centre of the ring, where Curtin met him, and they fanned air a little while. Then Smith rushed at Curtin and smashed his right into his stomach and his left on his neck. He got Curtin's left on the breast and ribs in return. They went at it hammer-and-tongs and fought over the ropes, where they clinched and fought for a throw, working out to the centre, still hugging each other. Curtin backbeated Smith, throwing him to the floor and falling heavily on top. The referee had to separate them while down, else they would have continued fighting where they lay. They had hardly got their feet again when they once more locked, and Curtin picked Smith up bodily from his feet and dashed him in a heap on the floor. Another clinch ended the round. The second round was opened by Smith with a smashing hit on Curtin's ribs and then one in the face. These blows maddened Curtin, and rushing at Smith head down, he knocked the wind out of the "German" with a hot one in the stomach. The seconds and crowd began hooting and yelling at the men, who fought like mad, and in the height of the howling the door was burst through and a policeman in uniform jumped into the room. The crowd gave one yell, and breaking from the ring side made for the door and windows. Those who struck for the easier exit were soon grabbed by the police. The rest went through the windows. This last was a chance of breaking one's neck. The distance to the ground was 20 feet at least. Al Power says he thought it about a mile. The back of the stand opens onto the river marshes. Through this up to their knees the crowd floundered until they thought themselves safe from pursuit. When they turned toward the road, this was gained by tearing down a board fence that was around the track, inclosing it from the river. Paddy Smith was one of those who got through a window. He got lost floundering about and fell into the hands of the police; twenty-five others were caught also and locked up. The backers of both men and the referee were among those who escaped. The city was reached at 3 A. M. On the boat coming back the stakeholder turned the stakes over to the backers, remarking that he had had enough. The backers decided they, too, were satisfied, and declared the fight off. Those arrested were brought before Justice Wanset in the morning. The spectators were fined \$10 each, while Smith was held under \$500 bail for a further hearing.

SPORTING NOTES.

KILRAIN & SMITH.

LOOK OUT FOR No. 534 OF THE
POLICE GAZETTE HOLIDAY EDITION
OUT FRIDAY, DEC. 2.

The Greatest Supplement ever issued will be given away with No. 534 of the POLICE GAZETTE.

The American and English Champions as they will appear in the Great International Fight, beautifully colored and suitable for framing; printed on fine, heavy plate paper; size, 10½x25. Every Sporting House, Saloon, Barber Shop, Hotel and Sporting man in the world should have one. NO EXTRA CHARGE. All for TEN CENTS. Order extra copies in advance from your newsdealer.

John S. Prince has entered the six-days' bicycle race at St. Paul, Minn.

The Diamond Pool Room, Omaha, Neb., has opened a book on the Kilrain-Smith fight.

A cooking main between Omaha (Neb.) and Council Bluffs birds has been arranged for Thanksgiving Day.

Dan O'Leary has arranged for another six days' go-as-you-please race at Kansas City, Mo., for Dec. 10 to 24.

C. W. Budd, the champion rifle shot, recommends call-shooting with the rifle as a great help to the shot-gun shooting.

Wm. Brennan, of Gloucester, Mass., challenged William Nixon to a three-mile race, allowing him 50 yards, for \$10 and up.

Prof. Koefler, the club swinger, offers to back Sebastian Miller to wrestle Ernest Roeder graco roman and catch-as-catch-can, for \$150 a side.

The Omaha (Neb.) Amateur Athletic Club was organized Nov. 11. Next spring the club will be prepared to compete for the Western championships.

The Gentleman's Driving Park Association will build a toboggan slide at the Fleetwood Park this winter, and a carnival will be held every two weeks.

Billy Oliver, of Harlem, is thinking of taking a trip South this winter to take part in a number of sculling races, which are held annually on a lake in Florida.

The old Metropolitan crew, consisting of Jim Pilkington, Frank Banham, Bill Cody, Perce Nagle and Rock Kent, will row on the Harlem again next year.

Easton's combination sale of English and American thoroughbreds was held at Lexington, Ky., Nov. 14, and was a decided success, seventy head selling for \$46,230, average \$290 each.

The New York Athletic Club has the Casanova property in view for a club ground. It is situated in the Twenty-third Ward, in the Annexed District, and comprises about 60 acres of high, dry land.

The Coney Island Jockey Club has opened the Futurity stakes for the autumn meeting of 1890 at Sheepshead Bay. The stakes will close Jan. 1, 1888, and the club has added \$12,500, of which \$2,500 goes to the breeders of the winner and second horse.

The annual election for the officers for the Westminster Kennel Club took place at Delmonico's Nov. 14. A large number of its members will attend the Eastern Field Trials' Club meeting at High Point, N. C., to enjoy the quail shooting.

Company A, Eleventh regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., will have an entertainment at the Armory on the last Saturday in November for the benefit of the company. Johnny Stuart, ex-champion bantam-weight, and Sergt. Peter Burkhard will have a bout with the gloves.

A. F. Holden, '88, captain of the Harvard University eleven, who was injured in the game with Princeton on Nov. 12, will not be able to play again this season. He has broken a cartilage in his breast bone, and, while the injury is not at all of a serious nature, it will take some time to mend.

George Engeman proposes to show fight to the big race meeting in New York, and the New Jersey tracks may have racing every available day next year. He says he will give 100 regular days at Clifton, besides thirty at Brighton Beach, and will hang up \$200,000 in purses. About two years more will end racing in New York and New Jersey.

Frank Van Ness recently arrived in this city from Dallas, Tex., with the trotters owned by the Sire Brothers, which he expects to winter at their farm near Morristown, N. J. The lot includes Harry Wilkes, record 2:13½; Rosalind Wilkes, 2:18½; Gossip, Jr. (pacer), 2:14, and two green horses that Van Ness expects will prove fast in 1888. As to Rosalind Wilkes he says: "She is going very fast and will surely get a record of 2:15 next year."

The following explains itself:
No. 1 LEES STREET, STALYBRIDGE,
Lancashire, England, Nov. 5.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.:
DEAR SIR: In reply to A. Wallis, of California, challenging to swim any one in the world 100 yards level, I, John Haggerty, of Staleybridge, will accept his challenge and swim him 100 yards level, in open still water, for £200 a side, and will swim him in America if he will allow me £50 for expenses. The proprietor of this paper to be stakeholder and appoint the place of swimming and to have all control over the race. If any other man in the world thinks he can beat me I am willing to let them join in and make a sweepstakes, the winner to take the whole of the stakes. Hoplog to have a favorable reply I remain yours respectfully,
JOHN HAGGERTY.

Champion Short-distance Swimmer of the World.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the National Association of Trotting Horse Breeders held at the secretary's office on November 4, the following special stakes were opened to be trotted for at the annual meeting of 1888: Special No. 1, for two-year-olds, foals of 1886; Special No. 2, for three-year-olds, foals of 1885; Special No. 3, for four-year-olds, foals of 1884. The conditions are: \$100 entrance in each, with \$200 added to each by the Association, payable in the following forfeits: \$10 with nomination; \$15 additional May 1, 1888; \$25 additional July 1, 1888, and the remainder (\$50) twenty days before the meeting of 1888. All colts and fillies with records, and all receivers of money, and all colts or fillies bred, raised or trained in California or Kentucky, barred. The following stakes were also opened: Special free-for-all stakes, for two, three and four-year-olds, foals of 1886, 1885 and 1884 respectively; \$100 entrance in each, payable as in Special Nos. 1, 2 and 3, with \$200 added to each by the Association.

Jack McAuliffe arrived from Boston on the 7:32 P. M. Shore Line train on the 18th. A crowd was at the Grand Central Depot to welcome him. Several coaches from Williamsburgh were on hand for him and his friends. Jack, to escape the crowd, leaped into a coach. Bob Drew and Billy Umer followed him in, and with the cheers and yells of the crowd which ran shouting after the carriage Jack started off. At Jack's request the carriage was driven first to Jim Wakeley's saloon, Sixth avenue and Forty-second street. There the champion was taken by the hand by Phil Kelly, Jere Dunn, Billy Madden, Oakley H. Kirker, John Lauter, John Quinn, Johnny Murphy, Jack Dempsey, Barney McGuire, Alley Bossert, Charley Johnston, Jim Glynn, Matty Crow and others. After bidding these friends good night, Jack and his party drove to the Houston street ferry. On the ferry boat, too, Jack had a reception. His coming had been expected there, and many of the passengers deferred their trip to go over the river with him. The cheers and shouts and good wishes of

the people on the boat brought tears to his eyes, as he made this little speech:

"I'm glad to hold the good will and wishes of my friends and townsmen."

All Williamsburgh had for hours been expecting his coming. Grand street was packed, and the drivers of the coaches with difficulty forced a passage through the street. On his reaching his home, 152 Grand street, it was found impossible to make a stand at the house, and under direction from the police the carriages were driven a few blocks away, and then Jack on foot, unnoticed under his brother Con's protection, got into his home. Throwing off his dark-blue overcoat, he saluted his mother and sister with kisses, and then turning to the friends in the parlor he doffed his Derby and shook hands with them, saying, as he stood before the mirror:

"Look upon me. Ain't I a bad licked man?"

He wore a neat black cutaway suit. The diamond in his silk tie was not brighter than his eyes. His face was marked with the finger nails of Carney, evidences of Carney's way of fighting. Were it not for these marks and the ear, cut by falling on the stake, Jack would have looked as he did when he left home last Sunday night.

"Well, Jack, how about the fight?"

"I'm glad you asked me that question, because I'd like to have the full facts made known. Now, don't take this as my individual opinion. Look at the expressions of those people who were disinterested. In Boston, men who never saw a fight came to my hotel and gave me their well wishes and their opinions. On my way home in the cars the passengers crowded about me and paid all the attention which people could and would extend to a person who, they said, had done well. Why, an old gentleman, introducing me to his wife and daughter, said:

"Will you tell me how it comes about that the papers say you were knocked out and your crowd jumped into the ring and saved you, and yet you are reported in the same paper as running to your hotel?"

"Before I finished my explanation," he said, laughing; "Don't bother my boy. I knew the tactics of these English fighters, and you did not."

"I'm now in better condition than I was before the fight."

"Yes," interrupted Barney McGuire, "I'll put up \$5,000 or \$10,000 that you can whip any man of your weight in the world, Carney preferred."

"Then, Al Smith's remark," said Jack, "that I can lift my arms is not correct?"

"Just about as correct as all his other remarks," said the crowd.

"How about the wind-up, when the crowd broke into the ring with Al Smith in the lead?" was asked.

"Well, I saw the crowd swarming about and looked to see where Carney was. He was seated in his chair. I shouted to my friends to keep quiet and let the mob howl. I waited until I saw Carney led from the ring and then I left it."

"The stories told of my not doing what my seconds told me to do are true to this extent: I may have lost myself for a time in some of the rounds, for I was filled with medicine. I had taken beer to knock the medicine out of me, and so I was not as I would have wished myself to be and as I now am. Why, in the tenth round I found my stomach giving way, and could not jump in and do as I wanted to do."

"I am ready to step right out and fight Carney, but I don't know any more than you do about the arrangements. Mr. Stevenson has refused to act as umpire, and all is now in the hands of Jimmy Colville, my backer, and Capt. Cooke. If Mr. Colville can he will bring us together in a short time, the shorter the better. The place of referee is a thankless one, and I don't hold any but a good opinion of Mr. Stevenson."

It was remarked with truth that Jack had often looked worse after some of his goes with the boys in the amateur ring. When his friends bade him good night he was at work on a big steak, and was getting away with all the fixings in fine style. Before he finished Jim Glynn, of Broadway and Haveney street, Williamsburgh, presented him with a large gold ring. As Mr. Glynn left the room Jack said:

"Jim, the day I stand again in the ring in front of Carney will be the happiest day in my life."

Dick Lee, of Harlem, and James Ryan, of the west side, fought for a purse of \$300 early on the morning of Nov. 17, at a place up in Westchester. The conditions were "Police Gazette" rules, with skin gloves, to a finish. Ryan is twenty-eight years of age, stands 5 feet 10½ inches high, and weighed 165 pounds. Lee is thirty-one years of age, stands 5 feet 10 inches high, and tipped the beam at 154 pounds. Both men by occupation are carpenters, and there has been for a long time a sort of fistic rivalry between them, resulting in this encounter. Lee was the first to enter the ring. He was accompanied by Billy Edwards, of Chicago, and Ed Whitman, of Harlem, as seconds. Ryan's wants were attended to by Con Driscoll, of the Pastime Athletic Club, and Young Brophy, of Harlem. Bob Patterson was chosen referee, and Jere Dunn, of Chicago, acted as time-keeper. The men were quickly ordered to get ready, and appeared in the regular fighting costume.

ROUND 1—When time was called, Ryan was the aggressor, and led off with his left, making a desperate lunge at Lee, but he missed, and they came together like a pair of steers and clinched. In their struggles they broke through a window before they were separated. Cries of foul resounded, and it was fully 15 minutes before order was restored, and the men were ordered to get ready for the second round.

2—Both men seemed anxious to get at each other, and the minute they left their corners they went at it as if they only had a few seconds to knock each other out. They fought all over the room, hitting and taking a great many wicked blows with no advantage to either.

3 AND 4—Ryan now did all the fighting, and Lee was the receiver-general on his face and neck, and looked like a beaten man. He evidently did not like this punishment, as he tottered like a drunken man, but still put up his hands to ward off the blows his adversary was showering upon him.

5—Lee had recuperated wonderfully, and came up smiling and confident. His first essay was a cross-counter with the right, and Ryan got an ugly cut over the eye, and Lee was awarded first blood. Then they fought all over the ring, Lee having evidently the best of it. Betting was \$50 to \$40 on Lee after this round.

6 to 10—Both men fought like demons and no advantage could be scored on either side. The blood was flowing in long red streams, not only over the pugilists, but the walls, where they had backed up against them, were all bespattered with dark-red blotches.

11—Ryan went at Lee determined to do or die, and tried very hard to finish Lee in this round. The latter would not have it, however, and evaded all the heavy blows by his clever ducking, and when they retired to their corners they were both puffing and weak. Ryan's left eye was nearly closed, and Lee showed red blotches on his body where Ryan's fists had done terrible punishment.

12 to 15—Both men punished each other terribly. Lee had partly the best of it at the end of the fifteenth round, but Ryan's left eye was now completely closed and his right eye badly swollen.

16—Ryan came to the scratch gamely, although he could hardly see his antagonist. He was a pitiable sight to look at. Lee made a faint at Ryan with his left, and was crossed by Ryan, and gave him a terrible cut on the forehead. Then it was hit for hit until both men were streaming with blood.

17—When time was called Ryan came to the scratch very weak, and the onlookers thought the fight was over as far as it concerned him. But, to the surprise of all, Ryan dashed at Lee like a tiger and made him dance around the ring in a very lively style to keep out of the reach of the heavy swinging blows which he tried to send in.

18—Lee was now on his mettle, and came up strong and smiling, although bleeding from many ugly gashes, which made him look like an Indian on the warpath. Ryan could not see anything, and groped around like a madman, but managed to get through the round without severe punishment.

19—The referee called time. Ryan was ordered to take the centre. He tried to get there, and finally he said to the referee: "Bob, where is he? I can't see no more." Ryan signified his willingness to fight, but could not see, so the referee told Lee to shake hands with Ryan and awarded Lee the fight.

After the fight was over a purse was raised for Ryan. He looked as if he had taken a blood bath. Jere Dunn said it was one of the bloodiest and gamest fights he ever witnessed, and Ryan was a second John Morrissey. It is said that a new match will be made again as soon as the men recover.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts and Opinions
on Matters of Sport-
ing Interest.

The advent and success of the "Police Gazette's" champion, Jake Kilrain, in England, has stirred up in the breasts of the gentlemen who depend on their mauls for a livelihood a longing for a foreign trip, but unfortunately they are not all like the great John L., fixed, and must be satisfied with reading of the big gate money that is to be got for punching heads over in Albion.

Sullivan, who has been going to England for the past two years, wisely refrained from carrying his intention into effect, until champion Jake Kilrain provided against any possibility of his having his head punched by Jem Smith. Now that the coast is clear he has entered Smith's domain in a search for boodle. He will get it, too, thanks to Kilrain and Smith, whose coming fight for the heavy-weight championship of the world worked up the boom for him.

Jack Ashton, of Providence, R. I., who, like Sullivan, was brought out by Billy Madden, accompanied Sullivan across. They gave exhibitions in London and Birmingham to good audiences, who went to see the ex-champion of America. Alf Greenfield, who boxed with Sullivan at Madison Square Garden, and Jack Ashton, boxed with the big one at each exhibition.

The bluffs John L. made while here won't go down across the pond, and he will have to be cleverly steered to avoid running up against a snag.

There are some tough ones about Birmingham and London, who, though they don't aspire to be champions, can give a good account of themselves with the best, and who will fight not only four rounds, but for a week, as Tommy Barnes says, for a 250 note, the amount the big one's manager gives out he will produce to any man who will box the ex-champion.

Wolf Bendoff, of London, the heavy-weight who boxed for O'Connell's Bowery house four years ago, has challenged Sullivan, through the press, to give him a chance for the 250, any number of others will follow Bendoff's lead when they see the color of the "big one's" money.

Charley Mitchell's \$1,000, placed with the "Sporting Life" to make a match for 2500 a side with Sullivan, still remains uncovered. Mitchell means business. In a letter to the "Sporting Life" he calls Sullivan's attention to his forfeit and challenge, and tells him either to put up or shut up.

Tommy Warren and Patsy O'Leary, like Kilkenny cats, are always at it. Tommy accuses Patsy of having bitten him in a recent turn-up at Minneapolis. Patsy was never so cowardly as to bite a man, he says. They are matched to fight on January 5. This will be their second meeting in the ring.

Their first occurred in November, a year ago, near Louisville, Ky. The decision and the money went to Warren, who claims that he made O'Leary run from the ring. Patsy naturally denies the story, and says Warren's friends, aided by the referee, defrauded him out of the battle, and that Warren only struck him five times in 12 rounds. In the coming fight Patsy predicts he will get hunk for the first.

I met Jack Dempsey and Dr. Hughes, the latter light-weight champion Jack McAuliffe's physician, at McAuliffe's home, 152 Grand street, Williamsburgh, on Wednesday night. They left Boston at 11 o'clock that morning, and hastened at once on their arrival, to McAuliffe's home. Billy Uman, Mark Maguire, Bob Drew, Mr. and Mrs. McAuliffe and the writer, sat in the parlor talking over the great battle as they entered.

"Well, all is well," said Dempsey. "We have left Jack and Con in a hotel in Boston. Jack is in good condition. But, say, let me tell you before I say anything about the great battle, that the reports in some of the papers are scandalous."

Dempsey's story was: "Al. Smith, Carney's friend, was the first man to enter the ring. The referee could not do otherwise than he did, and I say right here, that had I been in his place, and bound by circumstances as he was, I would have acted as he did. Carney is such a general that he can fight foul with a cunningness that would defy the best-headed referee in the land."

"After the third round I knew that Jack had Carney, and looked to see him down in the thirty-fourth or thirty-fifth round, for it was in those rounds that I expected that Carney would grow weak in his legs. Before, however, that time came Carney began to fight his cunning way. His whole fight was made up of gouges, butting with his head, and kneeling. Jack did not begin to show any injury until the thirtieth round, and then all his injuries came from Carney's gouging tactics. He would ram his fingers into Jack's eyes, and butt him with his head when by a rush he got him over against the ropes."

"Yet with all this he did not receive one-twentieth as much punishment as he did in his fight with Gilmore, and if his stomach had not gone back on him he would not have been as bothered as he was with Carney's knee. You know Carney, every time he struck at Jack, would both butt him with his head and give him the knee. These were foul blows, just as good fouls as when he deliberately caught Jack by the legs and threw him, and, as Jack fell, fell on him and ran his head into his stomach."

"When he found his legs going Carney wanted to have a foul allowed, but wanted it in such a way that he would say that he had been defrauded out of the battle."

Speaking of the appearance of the men Dempsey said: "Carney is more punished than McAuliffe. He has a big, bad lump on his forehead, both eyes are blackened, and the left one almost closed. His left side is bruised and blackened and lumpy. His forearms are swollen and lumpy, too. His body is well marked. He was not able to quit his chair in the ring until a half-hour after McAuliffe had gone to his hotel."

"All Jack's marks are two eyes blackened and a cut ear. This cut was caused by his falling against the stakes. His body is a little marked with his falls against the ropes."

Dominick McCaffrey, I learn, has gone into training again for a match with Pete Nolan, of Cincinnati. The particulars of the match have not yet been agreed upon, but it is said the match will take place at Chester Park, Cincinnati, for the gate receipts and a good-sized stake.

If Mac were wise he would have Peter's signature to articles and a forfeit put up before he incurred any training expenses on Peter's account, who makes more matches and does less fighting than any man I know of.

I learn that an attempt will be made at the next meeting of the American Turf Congress to raise the scale of weights. The present scale is from 8 to 10 pounds lighter than that of the English Jockey Clubs. All the most prominent jockeys complain that they cannot, without great danger to health, reduce themselves to the present weights. Racing men, as a general thing, are under the impression that the present scale is entirely too high, and in many cases horses have to be intrusted to young and inexperienced riders. With able and skillful jockeys up many of the fatal accidents which occurred would have been avoided.

Billy Reed, the backer of Johnny Reagan in his coming fight with Jack Dempsey, showed me an article in the "Evening World" accusing him of trying to evade carrying out the match. Billy was hot, and wanted to know what redress he could get. I told him I knew of none, unless it was to whip the writer, and that such a course was out of the question. He did not think so, although he is a law-abiding citizen.

The charges have no foundation, and the best proof in the world of his honesty in the match was the promptness with which he met his obligations. He never held back for a moment when the time came for plunking up his share of the stakes, and prejudice alone prompted the writer of the article.

It is an open question whether Ormonde, the crack three-year-old of England of 1886, or Hanover, the great three-year-old of this country, has accomplished the most wonderful achievements on the turf.

Ormonde ran ten races, commencing with the 2,000 Guineas, and he won the Epsom Derby, Doncaster St. Leger, St. James Palace stakes, and walked over twice. He carried in the events mentioned 125 pounds, the regular weight, and in the Great Foal stakes 131 pounds, which was the highest weight he carried in any actual race.

Hanover up to date has started in 27 races. The first fourteen he won without a miss, including the Carlton stakes, 1 mile, with 118 pounds, in 1:43 1/4; Brooklyn handicap, 1 mile and a furlong, with 111 pounds, in 1:54 1/4; the Withers stakes, 1 mile, with 118 pounds, in 1:46 1/4; the Belmont stakes, 1 1/2 miles, with 118 pounds, in 2:43 1/4; Brooklyn Derby, 1 1/2 miles, with 118 pounds, in 2:43 1/4; Swift stakes, 7 furlongs, on a muddy track, with 115 pounds, in 1:32; Tidal stakes, 1 mile, with 118 pounds, in 1:41 1/4; Coney Island Derby, 1 1/2 miles, track very heavy, with 118 pounds, in 2:44 1/4; Emporium stakes, 1 1/2 miles, with 125 pounds, in 2:35 1/4; Spindrift stakes, 1 1/4 miles, in 2:11 1/4; with 125 pounds; Lorillard stakes, 1 1/2 miles, with 118 pounds, in 2:40 1/4; Stockton stakes, 1 1/4 miles, with 125 pounds, in 2:13; Barnegat stakes, 1 1/4 miles, with 125 pounds, in 2:44 1/4; track very heavy; Stevens stakes, 1 mile and 5 furlongs, with 123 pounds, in 2:56.

He met his first defeat in the Haritan stakes, 1 1/4 miles in the mud, by Laggard, in 2:14, he carrying 128 pounds, to Laggard's 111 pounds, thus conceding him 17 pounds.

He won the Champion Stakes, 1 1/2 miles, with 109 pounds, in 2:38. Won the United States Hotel stakes, 1 1/2 miles, in 2:38 1/4, with 118 pounds. Was beaten in the Omnibus stakes, 1 1/2 miles, by Laggard, 118 pounds, Firenze, 120 pounds, Hanover, 125 pounds, a head separating the three, in 2:44, track deep in mud. Was beaten by Banburg in Choice stakes, 1 1/2 miles, track very heavy, in 2:45, he carrying 118 pounds to Banburg's 111 1/2.

Was unplaced in the First Special Sweepstakes, 1 1/4 miles, won by Volante, 118 pounds, in 2:12, track heavy. Won Second Special Sweepstakes, one mile and a furlong, 114 pounds, in 1:57 1/4. Was beaten in Jerome stakes, 1 1/4 miles, by Firenze, 122 pounds; Hanover, 125, in 2:09 1/4.

Won the Breckenridge stakes, 1 mile and 5 furlongs, in 2:52 1/4, with 123 pounds. Won the Dixie stakes, 2 miles, in the mud, with 123 pounds, in 3:51 1/4.

Was beaten 7 furlongs by Eolian, 118 pounds, Hanover, 114 pounds, in 1:29 1/4, track heavy. Beaten by Eolian, 123 pounds, Hanover 114 pounds, a short neck on a muddy track in 1:43. Won 1 mile, 112 pounds, in 1:41 1/4.

Thus it appears he won the first fourteen races in which he started, and of the twenty-seven run has won twenty, carrying from 109 pounds to 128 pounds, a feat never accomplished by any three-year-old in the world.

Ormonde had two walk-overs in his ten races, and in no case did he concede good horses of his age the weight which Hanover did to some of the best three-year-olds of the year, consequently we claim the American horse to be better than the English wonder of 1886.

In the Australian colonies, as most of our sporting readers are aware, horses are always raced without plates; but in England the practice is looked upon with disfavor and seldom, if ever, practiced, and the same may be said of our racing men in this country.

But if the following paragraph be correct it will go a long way to prove that the Australian practice is a good one, and that the probability is that running without plates will in a short time be as common in England as it is now in her great southern colonies. Would it not be worth trying on our own courses, as from their formation they are more suited than the hard turf courses of either England or Australia.

Some time ago a correspondence appeared in the "Sporting Times" respecting the running of horses without plates in Australia; and the practice was deprecated and pronounced to be unsuited for England. However, recently, there was an illustration of both the practicableness and usefulness of running horses barefooted. Mr. P. S. Clark, of Melbourne, and some friends were guests of Lord Rothschild at Newmarket, and at breakfast one morning the subject of running horses without plates was sharply discussed.

Of course there was a difference of opinion as to the utility of the custom; but Lord Rothschild was so impressed with what he was told by the Australians present, that he at once sent for his trainer (Hayhoe) and said he would like to try the experiment.

Hayhoe replied, "Very well, my lord; we have one in the first race which has no earthly chance with plates, so it will do no harm to run her without them." This was a filly named Chit Chat. A farrier was accordingly requisitioned and the plates were removed. The field started, and to the astonishment of all concerned, the despised Chit Chat dashed away, and was only beaten on the post by a hot favorite, dauty; and her defeat was owing entirely to the weakness of Fred Barrett, whose first appearance it was in the saddle after his severe illness.

Both Lord Rothschild and Hayhoe were so much surprised at the improvement in Chit Chat's running that it was decided to try the bare-foot experiment in the next race—the Selling Plate—and the shoes were knocked off Mr. L. de Rothschild's fillet, which won easily. So pleased was Lord Rothschild with this result that he has desired Hayhoe to run the horses shoeless whenever it was possible.

There have been but comparatively few fatal fights in the ring, and it is a singular fact that no survivor of them ever seriously injured his antagonist in any subsequent fight. Deaf Burke killed Sandy McGee, but he afterward fought a number of men, most of whom hurt him worse than he hurt them.

Chris. Lilly beat McCoy up on the Palisades so that he died of his hurts, but he afterward fought in the South, and though he defeated his man he did not inflict any punishment on him that was lasting. Charley Lynch killed Kelly also up on the Palisades, but though he subsequently fought a number of hard battles in England none of them resulted in any permanent injury to his opponents.

As a rule men who are the victors in fatal fights sooner or later meet with severe misfortune. Burke was ruptured in a fight and many years after died poor in an hospital. Lilly was shot to death by soldiers in the hold of a schooner in Central America, while Lynch was so badly injured in a wrestling match in this city that he had to have one of his legs amputated, and he died in poverty.

It is said of Schaefer's playing in the Chicago billiard tournament that on the day when he scored 200 in twenty innings he made four "masses" in succession, and his general work took in all kinds of shots possible of accomplishment. The spectators were electrified, and voiced their astonishment in cheer upon cheer. In the evening Schaefer executed more wonderful strokes than have been made upon a billiard-table in any decade of the history of the game.

Billy Madden is being done an injustice by the reports going the rounds of the press to the effect that he was arrested at the instance of his mother for refusing to support her, who is old and helpless. Billy is now and has always lived with and taken care of her.

It seems as though John L. Sullivan has very few admirers in the "Hub." Judging from the actions of this aristocratic members of the Boston Club, who elected Jake Kilrain as the club's instructor in the use of mittens.

LATEST SPORTING.

McCaffrey has gone into training, but not to fight Farrell, who has not been heard from recently.

The seven-year-old stallion, Ansel, by Electioneer, out of Annette, by Lexington, has acquired a record of 2:20.

Kisber, who won the Derby in 1876 for Mr. Baltazzi, has been sold to the North German Breeding Society for £4,000.

The chestnut stallion, Standard Bearer, 2:29 1/4, by Forrest Goldust, dam by Cornet Morgan was recently sold for \$3,500.

Billy Murray, the New York pugilist, can be matched against any 110-pound pugilist in America for from \$250 to \$500 a side and a purse.

Billy Frazier thinks that Mike Daly, of Bangor, Me., is the coming light-weight champion. He says Daly is the stiffest hitter he ever met.

Now is the time for the believers in Jem Smith to back their belief. Pony Moore will go on, covering all the bets at events offered against Kilrain.

Herr Wackerow, handicapper of the Jockey Club at Vienna, died there last Sunday morning, Oct. 30, after having been two years in the service of the club.

Jem Mace, the retired champion pugilist of England, is earning a living by giving lessons in sparring. He was given a benefit recently by his English friends.

Harry Umlah has three pugilists under instruction at his academy of boxing, 54 Union Square, whom he is preparing for the amateur championship competitions.

The track and lands of the Niagara Racing and Fair Association are advertised for sale by the sheriff. The judgments against the association amount to \$47,000.

"Punch" Vaughn is to meet an unknown in a fight to a finish, with two-ounce gloves, for a purse of \$200, which will take place in about six weeks, not many miles from Boston.

Emil Paul, the quail eater and runner, ran from the Hotel Brunswick to Jerome Park, thirteen miles, in 1 hour 32 minutes, one day last week. He was delayed 4 minutes by policemen.

Young Parton, of Boston, has posted a forfeit with the Boston Globe and challenges Sammy Cohen, of the same city, to fight to a finish with skin tight gloves at 105 pounds, for \$200 to \$1,000 a side.

The Harvard football team beat the Princeton Nov. 12 for the first time since 1882. The victory was won by a substitute eleven, the captain and best players of which were utterly disabled during the game.

Articles have been signed for a 15-round glove fight, under the Marquis of Queensberry rules, between middle-weight champion Jack Dempsey and George Le Blanche. The purse is one of \$1,500, \$200 of which will go to the loser.

A chess tournament will be held under the auspices of the La Bourdonnais Chess Club, commencing Thursday evening, Dec. 1, at 8 o'clock. The tournament will be open to the undergraduates of all departments of Columbia College.

The Newark Curling Club is making extensive arrangements for the coming winter season. It has elected the following new officers: President, Paul Buchanan; vice-president, John Huggan; secretary and treasurer, Joseph Holmes, Jr.

The race for the Liverpool St. Leger, Nov. 11, was won by three-quarters of a length by Mr. Mantons' chestnut colt Eridspold. Mr. P. Valentine's bay filly St. Helen was second, five lengths in front of Lord Eilesmere's bay colt Grandison, third.

The race for the Great Lancashire Handicap was won by a neck by Mr. Mantons' four-year-old bay colt Gay Hermit. Gen. Owen Williams' four-year-old colt Lisbon was second, four lengths in front of Mr. A. B. Carr's three-year-old bay colt Quicksand, third.

The Duke of Westminster has determined to retire Ormonde from the turf. This animal is regarded as the greatest race horse of the century, and it is said that his noble owner recently refused an offer of \$125,000 for him. This sum was offered by an American syndicate.

Alphonse King, the man who walks on the water, crossed the East river recently from Coenties' slip, New York, to South Ferry, Brooklyn, and returned on his water bicycle, for a wager of \$1,000. His time in crossing from New York was 25 minutes, and return 15 minutes.

Mr. J. W. Devane, the graceful and popular bowler, recently elected president of the American Club, has presented the club with a handsome rosewood cane with a heavy solid silver handle, to be given to the member rolling the highest score in any single game during the season.

Danger, a yellow brindle dog from Kingsbridge, and Towney, a black New York dog, had a savage fight for \$500 a side and gate money in a Long Island town recently. Towney proved the better animal, and after three turns Danger was so badly used up that he fell to the floor from weakness.

The long-distance swimming race between W. Beckwith and J. Finney, for £200, at the Lambeth Baths, came to an abrupt conclusion the second day, when, in consequence of illness, Beckwith was obliged to relinquish the contest. Finney was thus given the race. The final scores were: Finney, 29 miles 11 laps; Beckwith 25 miles 11 laps.

Tom Doherty, the East Boston bantam-weight pugilist, has signed articles to fight an unknown in Boston in three weeks, under the management of a well-known sporting club. They will fight at catch-weight for a purse. After this battle is disposed of, Doherty says that he will meet the colored bantam-weight, George Dixon, for a purse or for any amount of stake money that the latter is willing to name.

The Students at Harvard who are interested in the art of self-defense as expounded by modern professors have formed the Harvard Sparring Club, and engaged rooms on Brattle street, where they can take lessons and spar with each other. The object of the club is to raise the standard of the exhibitions given at the winter meetings of the athletic association, and to give the members an opportunity to meet each other in friendly set-toes of a strictly private nature. The club now has about 40 members and the following officers: President, H. McAllister, L. S.; vice president, F. P. Clement, '88.

Jack Fogarty, the celebrated middle-weight of Philadelphia, the best fighter that city of scrappers has ever turned out, and Denny Kelleher, of Quincy, Mass., have been matched to fight in Boston. The conditions are 10 rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, with two ounce gloves for a purse of \$500, to be divided, \$300 to the winner and \$200 to the loser. Prof. Tim McCarthy has the management of the contest, which will take place within five weeks. Fogarty made his record when he met Dempsey two years ago—then but comparatively a novice, he gave the champion the hardest fight of his life. Subsequently he defeated Hughes, the Dangerous Blacksmith, Con Tobin, Hartford Dave, Joe Ellingsworth and a number of others. He has outgrown the middle-weight limit and will now fight at about 160. Kelleher is a game, hard fighter and has tried the mettle of Pete McCoy and Le Blanche.

A cozy little dinner party assembled on the afternoon of Nov. 4, at the Cafe Monico, London, the occasion being the first anniversary of the marriage of Charley Mitchell, the celebrated boxer, with Miss Victoria Moore, the charming daughter of Mr. G. W. Moore, the famous boss of what used to be the Christy Minstrels, now the Moore & Burgess Minstrels. Charley and his fair partner looked none the worse after running in double harness for twelve months, indeed, both appeared as sprightly as they did during that interesting ceremony, which took place on Nov. 4, 1886. Beyond the family circle, which included Mr. and Mrs. George W. Moore, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. George W. Moore, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Stratton, Miss Bella Moore, &c. Kilrain, of course, was there. Mr. Moore, Sr., proposed the "Health of the Young Mitchell," and expressed a hope that he would do honor to his celebrated sire, and ultimately wear the champion belt. Mr. Mitchell responded, and presented a splendid diamond bracelet to his amiable better half. Kilrain's health was then proposed, and the modest American responding in feeling terms, remarked that this genial family gathering reminded him of his old home in the Western Continent. Several family toasts succeeded.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

KILRAIN & SMITH.

LOOK OUT FOR No. 534 OF THE
POLICE GAZETTE HOLIDAY EDITION
OUT FRIDAY, DEC. 2.

The Greatest Supplement ever issued will be given away with No. 534 of the POLICE GAZETTE.

The American and English Champions as they will appear in the Great International Fight, beautifully colored and suitable for framing; printed on fine, heavy plate paper; size, 19 1/2 x 25. Every Sporting House, Saloon, Barber Shop, Hotel and Sporting man in the world should have one. NO EXTRA CHARGE. All for TEN CENTS. Order extra copies in advance from your newsdealer.

A. D. M. Rayne, La.—1.—Glass ball and trap shooting. 2. Dr. Carver.

E. F. Osage City, Kansas.—A wins; this is his first trip across the ocean.

B. F. Hector, Denver, Col.—Dexter was purchased by Mr. Bonner for \$33,000.

J. H. R. Bartlett, Ill.—The name of the party inquired for is not down in our city directory.

J. McCall, Rochester, N. Y.—No; it was Charley Mitchell who gave Sullivan a knock-down.

W. H. Sing Sing, N. Y.—Jake Kilrain and John L. Sullivan have never met in a contest.

J. G. San Buena Ventura, Cal.—Write to Mr. Robinson, care Russell, Morgan & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

F. A. M. Leadville, Col.—You can get the information by writing direct to the warden of the penitentiary.

J. F. Ryan, Philadelphia, Pa.—Boardman, 4 years, 81 pounds up, 1:40 1/2, made at Sheepshead Bay, Sept. 20, 1886.

W. B. Wilkesbarre, Pa.—H. M. Johnson, Cleveland, Ohio. July 31, 1886, 100 yards, 9 4/5 seconds. 2. None other.

J. M. Big Rapids, Mich.—1. P. Fitzgerald, N. Y., 610 miles, Madison Square Garden, April 28 to May 3, 1886. 2. A. I.

C. B. Literary Club, Ft. Gaston, Cal.—James Flisk was shot in the Grand Central Hotel on Broadway, New York, on Jan. 6, 1872.

L. B. L. Philadelphia, Pa.—Rules are published in our "Sporting Man's Companion," copy of which will be sent you on receipt of twenty-five cents.

M. M. Mitchell, Colo.—John McMahon, the collar-and-elbow wrestler, was born at Bakersfield, Vt., July 7, 1841. He is 5 feet 10 1/2 inches and weighs 185 pounds.

L. D. B. Augusta, Ga.—About Jan. 2 next, at Madrid, Spain, for the heavy-weight championship of the world, \$10,000 in stakes and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt.

R. F. New York.—John L. Sullivan fought two battles under London prize ring rules. The first with John Flood, and the second with Paddy Ryan, at Mississippi City, Miss., Feb. 7, 1882. CONSTANT READER, Sandusky, Wyo. Ty.—Dexter, record 2:17 1/4, br. g., by Hambletonian, dam Clara, by American Star, was foaled in 1858 on the farm of Jonathan Hawkins, in Orange county, N. Y.

W. T. Baker, Norfolk, Va.—The feat has been accomplished several times. There are no rules; the contracting parties agree on certain conditions, which must be carried, and the one failing to stand by the contract loses.

LITTLE CARING, Rochester, N. Y.—The Jake Kilrain-Jem Smith fight is to decide the heavy-weight championship of the world, and for \$10,000 in stakes and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt. The tickets are limited to fifty each side, and cost \$50 each.

H. W. Park City, Utah.—Standard weights, London prize ring rules, are: Feather, 112; light, 135; middle, 154; heavy, over 154; "Police Gazette" and Queensberry rules: Feather, 116 to 120; light, 140 and under; middle, 140 to 155; heavy-weight, over 155 pounds.

J. H. San Francisco, Cal.—Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, is the sole backer of Jake Kilrain in his match with Jem Smith, champion of England, for the championship of the world. The match is for \$5,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" diamond championship belt, and will be fought at Madrid, Spain, on Jan. 5, 1888.

D. B. Stamford, Conn.—1. James Smith, Patrick Fitzgerald's trainer, was the 50-mile champion walker of America in 1869. 2. He won the title at Trenton, N. J., July 6, 1869, when he defeated all comers and won the champion cup, covering fifty miles in 9 hours 47 minutes. He beat Haydock, Oddy Adams, McCann, Haydock and Napoleon Young, 3. Yes.

H. M. Boston.—Tim Donohue skated a mile in 2 minutes 23 1/2 seconds at Newburg, N. Y., on Feb. 1, 1887. The course was on the Hudson river from Big Hill, near Danakamer Point, to Sherman's dock—a full mile. The best previous record was 3 minutes, made by "Fish" Smart, the English champion, at Cowbitwash, Lincolnshire, January 20, 1881. The best amateur time is 3 minutes 20 seconds.

J. H. Patterson, San Antonio, Texas.—Ryan and Sullivan fought under London prize ring rules, Feb. 7, 1882. 2. The belt that Kilrain holds, as champion of America, and will defend in his battle with Jem Smith, was not made until the following year, so they could not have fought for it. 2. John L. Sullivan has seen and handled the belt, and in 1884 signed articles to fight Ryan for it and \$2,500 a side. The authorities threatened arrest and the match in consequence was dropped. 3. It was presented to Jake Kilrain by the donor, Richard K. Fox, on June 4, 1887.

D. S. Kansas City.—B wins; Jack Burke did defeat Alf Greenfield at Chicago, March 2, 1885. 2. The match was 5 rounds, Queensberry rules. The fight was for the receipts of the house, the winner to take 65 per cent. It was a scientific and hard-hitting contest throughout, though both were wary and careful about leading, and, toward the end, evidently spared for time. Burke showed himself much the cleverer of the two in stopping blows, while his hitting was fully as accurate as that of his opponent. There was no knock-down, and the fight was awarded to Burke at the close of the 5 rounds.

W. S. B. Boston, and R. S. Portland, Me.—Jem Smith, the champion of England, was born on January 31, 1853, in Red Lion Market, Whitecross street, St. Luke's, stands 5 feet 8 1/2 inches high, and weighs, in condition, 12 stone 8 pounds, or 182 pounds. For some years he was employed in one of the metropolitan timber yards, but developing a taste for boxing, after one or two rough-and-tumbles with his mates, he was taken in hand by Jack Knifton (st-tanner) and the veteran Goode, and later by Mr. F. Grimm, of the Central Club. Smith has never been defeated, though in his first engagement he did not shape like a coming champion. His first success was in a competition at the Griffin, Shoreditch. Later he beat Snowey, of Holloway, and was then matched to box Harry Arnold, with gloves, for a £10 purse. Arnold, though a stone and a half lighter than Smith, stripped in good condition, having for some time previously been engaged in training Jack Massey for an important engagement. The affair was looked upon as a good thing for Smith, but it took him nearly an hour to polish off the Seven Dials representative, though he had slightly the best of the encounter from start to finish. Subsequently the veteran Goode deposited a sov. on behalf of Smith, to match him to fight Massey, but this was forfeited. Smith's next engagement was with Wolf Bendoff, to box to a finish with gloves, for £25 a side, which came off at an East End club. In this contest Smith injured his right arm, but, nevertheless, proved successful. Smith also won Tom Symonds' All-comers' Competition, at Bill Richardson's, defeating Jack Wannop (the wrestler) and Tom Langer. Smith's battle with Jack Davis, for £100 a side, was with the raw uns, on the turf, and came off on the borders of Surrey and Sussex, on Wednesday, December 17 last. In all six rounds were fought, occupying 1 minutes 56 seconds, Davis being knocked out of time with a swinging right-hander. This was Smith's last engagement prior to being matched against Greenfield. On Feb. 16, 1886, Smith fought Alf Greenfield for £200 a side and an outside bet of £1,000 at Maison Lafitte, France. Thirteen rounds were fought. Smith was winning when the ring was broken in.



MARRIED A MOONSHINER.

DICK ROBERTSON AND SARAH MARCELLI ARE UNITED FOR LIFE IN THE COUNTY JAIL, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.



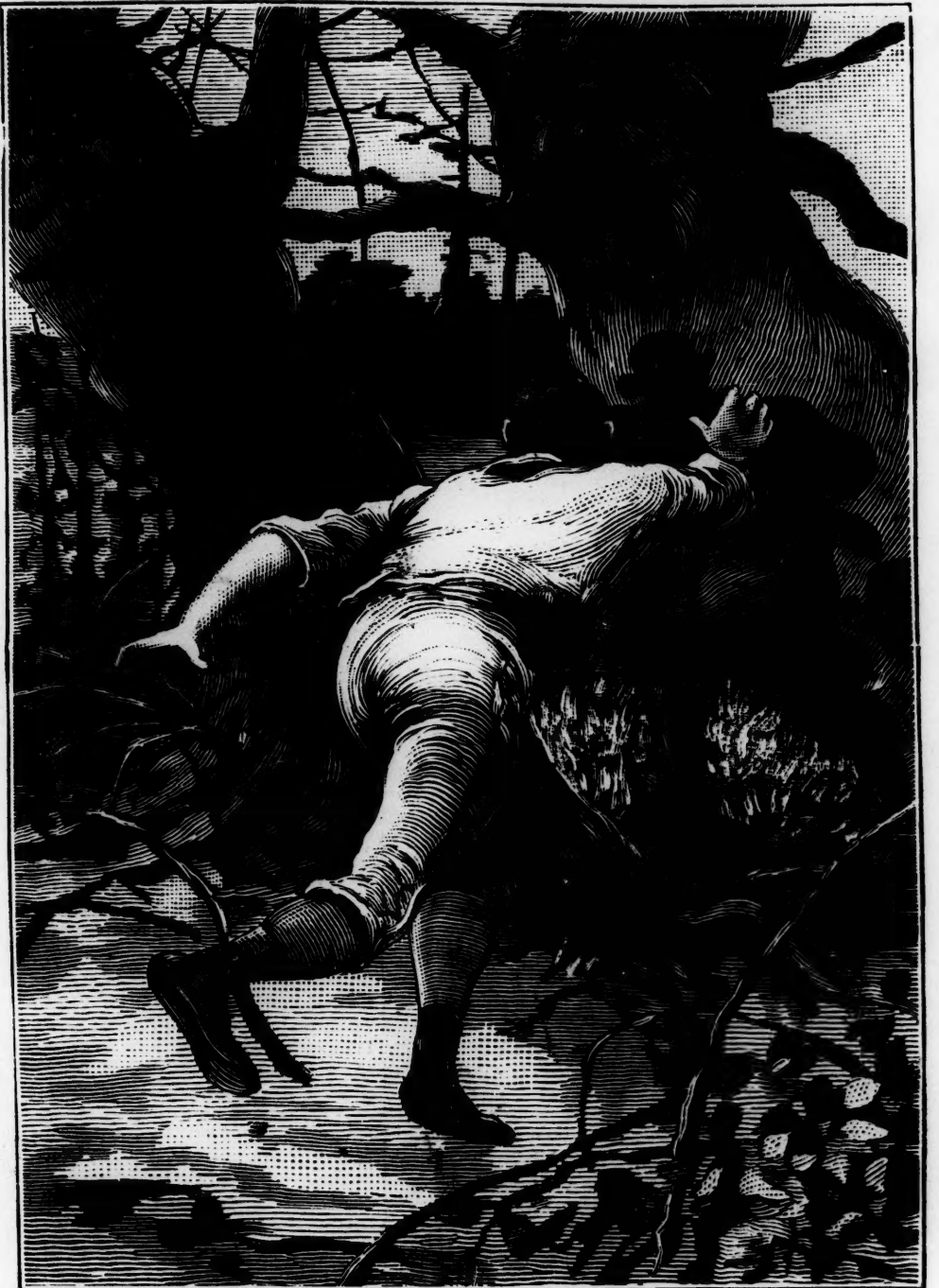
THEY HAD A CLOSE CALL.

THE GUESTS OF THE SARATOGA HOTEL, IN CHICAGO, ARE DRIVEN FROM THEIR BEDS BY A BIG BLAZE.



KILLED IN A BOX.

EFFIE MOORE, A MARRIED VARIETY ACTRESS, IS MURDERED BY CHARLES E. HENRY AT DENVER, COLORADO.



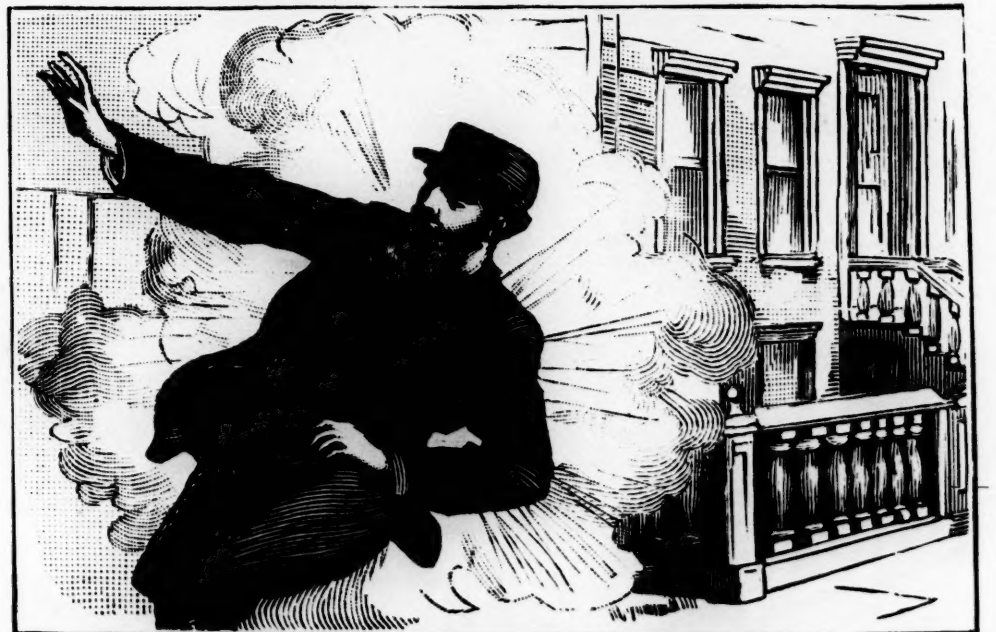
IT CAME IN HANDY.

THE SPEED OF HARMER, YALE'S CHAMPION RUNNER, ENABLES HIM TO CATCH A PICKPOCKET AT NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.



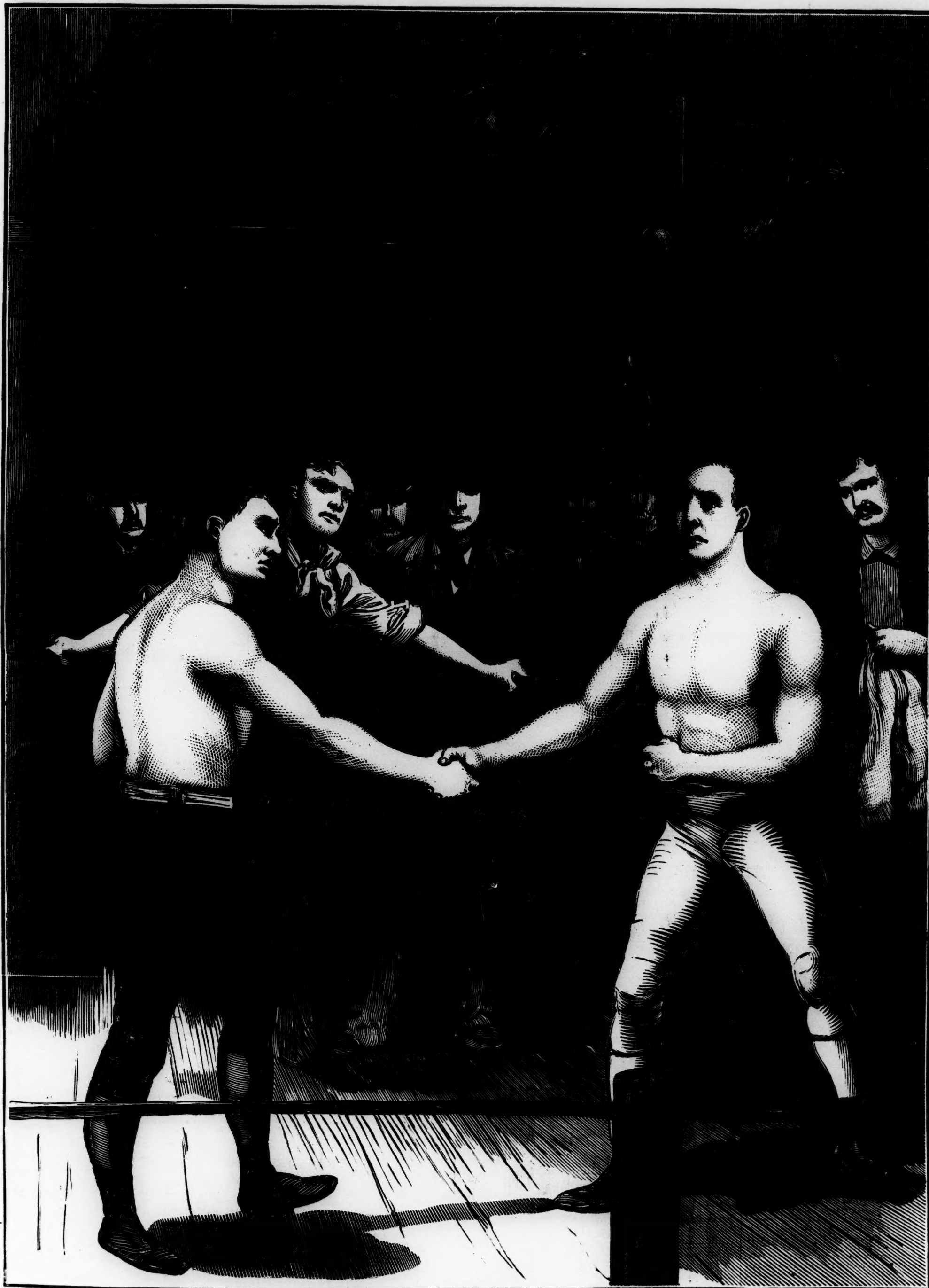
IT WAS NO GO.

ELIZABETH ROSEMORE ATTEMPTS TO HANG HERSELF WITH HER OWN HAIR AT FRANKLIN, PENNSYLVANIA.



HOW PROHIBITION CRANKS WORK UP SENTIMENT.

THE HOUSE OF POLICE INSPECTOR ANDERSON AT ORANGEVILLE, CANADA, IS HALF BLOWN UP WITH DYNAMITE.



BROOKLYN AGAINST BRITAIN.

JACK MCAULIFFE AND JEM CARNEY MEET AT REVERE BEACH, MASS., TO DO BATTLE FOR THE LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.

BROTHERHOOD WINS.

Coming Down Off Their High Horse.

WEAKENED LIKE CHILDREN.

Detroit Gets Percentage and the Brotherhood Recognition.

BEATEN ON BLUFFING.

They Tried to Bluff, but Were Cleaned Out of Their Boots.

It ever a body of men got down on their bellies and crawled, it was the National League delegates in the presence of the Brotherhood committee.

It must have been very humble pie, but then even that is better than nothing when one is plucked with hunger.

For many years the League ruled supreme and dictated to the whole world when it came to framing baseball laws.

They organized in 1876, when the game was wrenched from the hands of gamblers and placed on its present firm foundation.

The International Association was formed in 1877, by pretty much the same as now compose the American Association. The League refused to recognize the existence of this rival organization and did everything it could to bring about its destruction. They tampered with their players and stole their strongest clubs by inducing them to withdraw and go into the League.

Under pretense of giving protection they got up a League alliance and thwarted their rivals greatly by this means.

The International Association, which changed its name to National Association after the Canadian clubs withdrew, pestered out of existence in 1880. The League were in their glory, and had the field once more to themselves. They had seen the enemy die and had attended the wake.

With this crowd out of the way they had but little to fear for their alliance clubs and therefore put the screws to them so tight that they, too, soon became a matter of the past.

When the American Association was organized in 1882 the League ignored their existence and once more tried to do the crushing act, but their rivals this time were too strong for them. The League were ruling with entirely too high a hand, and there was danger of a combination being formed against them which might eventually result in their destruction.

So the long-headed Leaguers formed a combination with the American Association, Eastern League and Northwestern League. The latter dropped out by disbandment and the Eastern League was deliberately frozen out by the other two organizations, who felt they were strong enough to monopolize the whole business.

There is no love existing between these organizations, as either one would cut the throat of the other without the slightest hesitation if there was anything to be gained by it. They combined simply for power and strength. It is a big thing to be able to say to all other baseball clubs in the country, "You may exist and develop as many young players as you choose and we will protect you; that is we will not steal your players till after the season is over."

The League, to a certain extent, still boss the Association, as the latter have weakened every time they have ever confronted the League.

In plain words the League have not only smeared it all over the Association, but they have actually rubbed it in, and the Association people have submitted without a murmur. Thinking, no doubt, it was for the best interest of the game and that they were martyrs to the cause.

When the Brotherhood was first organized the League was indignant. Repeated efforts were made by the Brotherhood's president to secure recognition, but all attempts proved fruitless.

Tart letters passed between Presidents Ward and Young, and matters got worse instead of better.

The climax was reached when Ward got tired being bluffed, and gave the League until Nov. 15 to give the Brotherhood a decisive answer.

This gave the League a pretty good fright and President Young, in behalf of the great magnates, made a squeal that the League did not hold their annual meeting until the 15th. Ward promptly extended carrying his threat into execution until the 17th.

The League chuckled and claimed that Ward was showing great weakness.

One or two of the longer-headed members of this charmed circle thought Ward and his associates should at least be granted a hearing, provided they came as individual players, but under no consideration could they be granted a hearing if they came as a Brotherhood.

Others, however, cried shame. The League cannot afford to humiliate itself before the whole world, by recognizing its players, even though they came to the door on their knees and begged to be heard.

The delegates all arrived on the evening of the 15th, and were white headed at Ward's impudence when they were informed that the Brotherhood committee would not call upon them the following day, but would remain at the Barrett House, and if the League wanted to see them they would have to either come or send for them.

That was the worst slap in the face the League had ever received, and you can go your last penny they felt the sting, for they did nothing but foam and froth the whole evening.

The Boston delegation, reporters and all, were simply crazy, and if they could have had their way they would have black-listed the whole Brotherhood on sight.

After they had talked themselves sick they arrived at the conclusion that the rumor was a base lie, as Ward, impudent as he was, would not dare take such a stand.

Another obstacle, however, arose, which set them to thinking more than a little bit.

It was, of course, a National League meeting, but what on earth were all the American Association magnates doing. They kept arriving with their grips and gathering in groups.

The next morning the Herald came out with a cock-and-bull story of a syndicate having been formed, according to rumor, to back the Brotherhood. The parties mentioned were the most prominent and wealthy gentlemen connected with the American Association, whom, it was claimed, had been holding secret meetings in New York city for the preceding ten days. Interviews were also published with some of these gentlemen in which the yarn was flatly denied. The delegates all read the story, and while they were pondering over it and drawing their own inferences, a letter was handed them from the Brotherhood stating that if the League wished to communicate with them they could be found at the Barrett House.

Rumor No. 1 had come true, and while it was a bitter dose of medicine to swallow, they at the same time began to realize that they were not the only wealthy baseball magnates in existence. Their shabby treatment of the American Association people in by-gone days began to dawn upon them, and a still greater clincher was the fact of those very people being at that moment in the corridors of the hotel.

Like all other unpleasant things, they left this matter till the very last moment. They did not dare ignore it, so just before adjourning for the day, out of due respect they addressed a letter, very carefully worded, to John M. Ward, Esq., regretting the fact of the pressure of business preventing them from reaching his communication. It was of course a polite personal note,

without the slightest recognition of the Brotherhood, and was sent by a district messenger boy.

The committee, not being quite so high strung as the League people, took things quietly and waited developments. Their silence kind of worried the League, and the following day they notified Mr. Ward they would meet him and his associates, Hanlon and Brothers, that evening at 8 o'clock.

The time arrived, and, no doubt, the League anticipated pulverizing the Brotherhood with their fine array of lawyers.

The examination, as it were, was conducted by Mr. John J. Rogers, of Philadelphia, the lawyer of the League. For the first time in the history of the League the doors were thrown open to the press, and the reporters were permitted to go into the august presence of the League.

Everything had the appearance of a court room. There were all the tables in the middle of the room for the benefit of the scribes, Secretary Young and Mr. John L. while the culprits who were begging for their lives—Ward, Hanlon and Brothers—were poked over in the corner between the door and the window. The other League delegates were circled around the other three sides of the room, evidently eager for the affray, as they expected to see the players knocked out in less than one three minute round.

The players, however, were not frightened even a little bit and were as unconcerned and calm as a May morning.

They were asked to state the object of their visit as players, as they could not be recognized as a Brotherhood.

Mr. Ward made a very able speech, giving the general outline of the object of the Brotherhood, but declined going into details unless they were recognized as such.

The League put on a big front, but it did not work for a cent. They had struck expert poker players, who knew more about bluffing in a minute than the League did in a life time. So Ward simply saw them and gave them a raise that made their hair stand on end.

"Gentlemen," said he, "we did not come here to waste our time arguing in this silly manner and if you cannot recognize us as a Brotherhood, so that we can get down to business, we are ready to leave." They all rose to retire from the room, when Spalding sprang to his feet and said: "I have been paying strict attention to Mr. Ward's remarks, and I think he is right, and I propose we recognize him and his associates as a Brotherhood."

The question was put to the meeting by Mr. Rogers that it had been moved and seconded that Mr. Ward and his associates be given recognition.

It was cleverly put, but it did not escape Ward's attention, who sprang to his feet and added the following amendment: "As a Brotherhood," and Mr. Spalding, with a flushed face, had to repeat "As a Brotherhood."

It was a signal victory for Ward, as the moment he gave them a raise, they all lay down, and no one got leave to see Ward's hand, which may not even have been ace high.

JUNE.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING AND perform the work of the natural drum. Invaluable, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. HISCOX, 353 Broadway, N. Y.

TO ADVERTISERS.

ADVERTISING RATES. \$1.00 per line. 2.00

Advertisements must be in by Tuesday noon in order to insure insertion in following issue.

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No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements or Time Contracts.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.

During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers.

Cash should accompany all orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention.

No new accounts are opened for advertising.

No commission will be allowed to any agent who has not previously placed trade in these columns.

TO READERS.

Don't send money for goods to this office. We cannot undertake to purchase for any one. Send direct to the advertiser always.

Letters to advertisers should be inclosed in sealed envelopes, bearing (upon the outside) the sender's address written across the end, in addition to the advertiser's address, written lengthwise as usual. This is an almost infallible prevention of loss and disappointment.

Letters so treated are returnable to the sender, unopened, if they fail of delivery.

Correspondents abroad are cautioned against sending foreign postage stamps, which are useless as a remittance; post office orders can invariably be obtained, and should be used exclusively.

THE ANNUAL HOLIDAY EDITION

OF THE

POLICE GAZETTE

Will be the regular issue No. 534, published December, 3, 1887.

Advertising columns close Tuesday, November 20, 1887, at 2 P. M. No advance in rates, \$1 per line.

An issue of not less than 250,000 may be confidently relied upon, making the cost 25¢ of a cent per line per thousand issued, for the most effective and consequently the cheapest advertising medium in the world.

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GREAT ISSUE

Will be the number containing illustrations and cablegrams with detailed particulars of the KILRAIN-SMITH INTERNATIONAL MATCH.

The Police Gazette sold 300,000 copies with the account of the Sullivan-Ryan affair and the interest in the coming event warrants preparations for a 500,000 issue.

The rate remains the same, \$1.00 PER LINE, giving advertisers the benefit of the enormous issue without extra charge, but as the date of issue cannot be fixed, send on your copy and have it in the hands of the Advertising Department ready to be placed.

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WORLD NOVELTY CO., Box 328, Jersey City, N. J.

GENTS, YOU CAN GET THEM.

53 TRANSPARENT CARDS, Hidden Views, 50¢. 20 Photos free with above. Stamps taken. NOVELTY CO., Box 1294, Oswego, N. Y.

GENTS, YOU CAN GET THEM. 12 Illustrated Hidden Scenes, 10¢. (Silver, no stamps). J. J. ENSWORTH, Lewiston, Maine.

Decay, debility, consumption. Thousands of cases cured by our Nervous Debility Pills, \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston.

TRICKS! 20 cents buys Cards for 100 Tricks. VALLEY CARD CO., Amsterdam, N. Y.

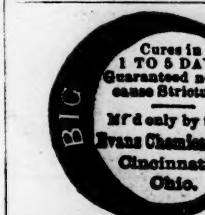
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TARRANT'S EXTRACT OF CUBEBS AND COPAIBA Is an old, tried remedy for gonorrhea, gleet and all diseases of the urinary organs. Its neat, portable form, freedom from taste and speedy action (it frequently cures in three or four days and always in less time than any other preparation) make "Tarrant's Extract" the most desirable remedy ever manufactured. To prevent fraud, see that each package has a red strip across the face of label, with the signature of TARRANT & CO., N. Y., upon it. Price, \$1.00. Sold by all druggists.



STERLING'S ROYAL REMEDY A positive cure for SYPHILIS any stage—Syphilitic Rheumatism and all syphilitic manifestations. Send for Treatise, Mailed free to any address containing essay on the disease, testimonials, etc. Every letter confidential. Address THE JOHN STERLING ROYAL REMEDY CO., Lock Box 47, Kansas City, Mo.



we cordially recommend your use of the best remedy known to us for Gonorrhea and Gleet. We have sold considerable, and in every case it has given satisfaction. Alcott & Lisk, Hudson, N. Y. Sold by Druggists. Price \$1.00.

BROU'S INJECTION.

Hygienic, Infallible and Preservative.

Cures promptly without additional treatment, all recent or chronic discharges of the Urinary Organs. J. Ferre (successor to Brou), Pharmacien, Paris. Sold by druggists throughout the United States.

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are especially liable to INJURIES of various kinds. PHENOL SODIQUOL will be found to be the best dressing they ever used. One application will convince the most incredulous. For sale by druggists everywhere. If your druggist does not keep PHENOL SODIQUOL, don't be put off with a worthless substitute or imitation, but send direct to HANCE BROS. & WHITE, Proprietors, Calumet and Marshall Streets, Philadelphia, enclosing the price, 50 cts. per bottle.

Kidney and all Urinary Troubles quickly and safely cured by Docuta-Sandalwood, in seven days; avoid imitations: buy Docuta, it is genuine. Full directions. Price, \$1.50; half boxes, 75 c. All druggists.

Mental and Physical Prostration. Complete cure by using the Nervous Debility Pills: \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

TO NEWSDEALERS.

THE HOLIDAY EDITION

—OF—

THE POLICE GAZETTE

—WILL BE—

No. 534, Published Friday, Dec. 2, 1887.

With which an elegant Colored Supplement, 10x25, well worth framing, will be given away.

SUBJECT: Jake Kilrain and Jem Smith, in costume, as they will appear in the ring at the Great International Fight for \$10,000, the "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt and the Championship of the World.

This will be the greatest selling number ever issued (no extra charge). Every Hotel, Saloon, Barber Shop and Club Room will want it.

Dealers, send in your orders to your News Company at once and don't get left.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,

Franklin Square, New York City.

E. S. K. An article wanted by all young men; works like a charm; price 50¢.

J. W. ELLIS, Box 28, Newark, N. J.

Mucous discharges, eruptions of all kinds speedily removed by the N. E. Medical Institute's Nervous Debility Pills, \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. Sent postpaid.

PERSONAL.

Thomas P. Gelstone, a boy 17 years of age, suddenly disappeared from Buffalo. When last heard from April 17, was at 124 Main street, East Buffalo, since which time nothing more has been heard of him. He was stout built, small for his age, black hair, hazel eyes, fair complexion, left leg a little crooked, could scarcely be noticed. Any information concerning him whatever will be thankfully received by his mother.

When he left home a dark brown coat and vest, Kentucky pants, dark blue flannel shirt and underwear, and black corduroy hat. This is what he had on when he left home last February.

MRS. A. E. GELSTONE,

Minersville, Pittsburg, Pa.

ARE YOU MARRIED?

If you are not, you should join this society, which pays its members \$250 to \$1,000 at marriage. Circulars free. N. W. MUTUAL ENLIGHTENMENT SOCIETY, Box 846, Minneapolis, Minn.

MARRIED LADIES

or those contemplating marriage, will, by sending 10¢, to pay postage, &c., receive by return mail a package of goods and information important to every lady. F. B. BRILL, New Haven, Ct.

Emissions and Waste stopped by using our Nervous Debility Pills: \$1 per box, 6 for \$5, postpaid. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

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Jewelry, Leather Goods, Plush Sets, Albums and Novelties. Address at once to Mahler Bros., 136 & 507 9th Ave., N. Y.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

LAWYERS

Divorce Law of Illinois. Legal advice free. Send stamp. Cornell & Spencer, 242 Randolph St., Chicago.

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To Saloonkeepers and Sporting Men.

COLORED PHOTOGRAPHS,

IN FIGHTING ATTITUDE, OF

JAKE KILRAIN,

"Police Gazette" Champion of America, and

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Champion of England.

Matched to fight for \$10,000, the "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt and the Championship of the world. Mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents for the pair. For sale by the American News Company and all branch houses.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.

Franklin Square, New York.

JOHN WOOD, the Theatrical and Sporting Photographer, 208 Bowery, N. Y., can furnish portraits from life of all the champions, including John L. Sullivan, Jack Dempsey, Frank Herald, Ned Hanlon, John Teemer, Jem Smith (champion of England), Richard K. Fox, besides 400 other famous amateur and professional athletes. Every sporting saloon should have the full set. Send stamps for catalogue.

Get the set of Six Pretty French Girls, colored, 15c.; 12 for 25c.; 18 for 35c., no two alike. 14 Spirited Pictures, illustrating "Before and After Marriage," 10c. All LOCK BOX 345, Jersey City, N. J.

PHOTOS Our set of Six Immense Cabinets, from Nature, sent sealed, \$1; two samples, 50c. IMPORTING CO., Jersey City, N. J.

Health, Energy and Vigor restored by our famous Nervous Debility Pills, \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. N. E. Medical Institute, 24 Tremont Row, Boston.

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20 Rich Photos, for Gents. Sure to suit, 10c.; 50 for 25c. large cat. THURBER & CO., Bay Shore, N. Y.

12 Photos Female Beauties, richest in the market, sealed, 50c. ART NOVELTY CO., 34 Church St., N. Y.

4 Female Photos which will suit you. 25c. STATE SUPPLY AGENCY, Box 7, Camden, N. J.

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100 Stage Beauties, 25c. Box 345, Jersey City, N. J.

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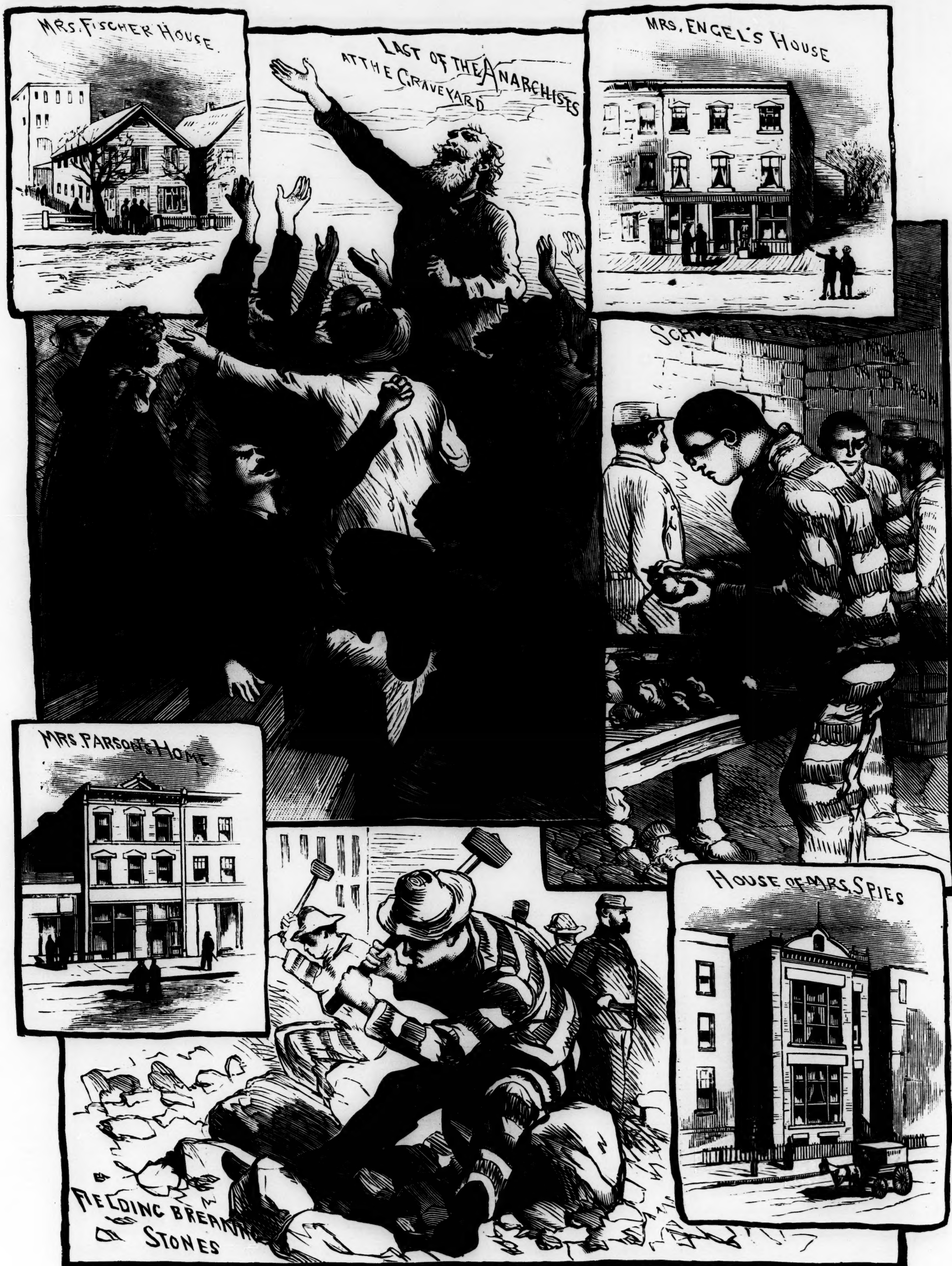
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GRAPHIC SCENES AND INTERESTING INCIDENTS ATTENDING THE OBSEQUIES OF THE ANARCHISTS,—WITH PICTURES OF THEIR LATE RESIDENCES IN CHICAGO.